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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1925

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# WHAT I THINK OF PELMANISM—

## By Judge Ben B. Lindsey

PELMANISM is a big, vital, significant contribution to the mental life of America. I have e deep conviction that it is going strike at the very roots of individ- al failure, for I see in it a new ower, a great driving force.

I first heard of Pelmanism while England on war work. Sooner or ter almost every conversation uched on it, for the movement eemed to have the sweep of a ligious conviction. Even in France did not escape the word, for thou- nds of officers and men were *Pelmanizing* in order to fit them- lves for return to civil life.

When I learned that Pelmanism ad been brought to America by Americans for Americans, I was mong the first to enroll. My rea- ns were two: first, because I have lways felt that every mind needed gular, systematic, and scientific xercise, and, secondly, because I vanted to find out if Pelmanism was e thing that I could recommend to e hundreds who continually ask ny advice in relation to their lives, roblems, and ambitions.

In the twenty years that I have t on the bench of the Juvenile ourt of Denver, almost every ariety of human failure has passed efore me in melancholy procession. y *failure*, I do not mean the merely riminal mistakes of the individual, ut the faults of training that keep life from full development and omplete expression.

### Pelmanism the Answer

If I were asked to set down the prin- pal cause of the average failure, I ould have to put the blame at the door our educational system. It is there at trouble begins — trouble that only e gifted and most fortunate are strong ough to overcome in later life.

What wonder that our boys and girls me forth into the world with some- ing less than firm purpose, full con- dence and leaping courage? What onder that mind wandering and wool thering are common, and that so any individuals are shackled by inde- sions, doubts, and fears?

It is to these needs and these lacks at Pelmanism comes as an answer. he "twelve little gray books" are a re- arkable achievement. Not only do ey contain the discoveries that science hows about the mind and its working, it the treatment is so simple that the uths may be grasped by anyone of verage education.

In plain words, what Pelmanism has ne is to take psychology out of the llege and put it into harness for the y's work. It lifts great, helpful truths

JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY

**Judge Ben B. Lindsey is known throughout the whole modern world for his work in the Juvenile Court of Denver. Years ago his vision and courage lifted children out of the cruelties and stupidities of the criminal law, and forced society to recognize its duties and responsibilities in connection with the "citizens of to-morrow."**

out of the back water and plants them in the living stream.

As a matter of fact, Pelmanism ought to be the beginning of education instead of a remedy for its faults. First of all, it teaches the science of self-realization; it makes the student *discover* himself; it acquaints him with his sleeping powers and shows him how to develop them. The method is *exercise*, not of the haphazard sort, but a steady, increasing kind that brings each hidden power to full strength without strain or break.

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Other methods and systems that I have examined, while realizing the value of mental exercise, have made the mistake of limiting their efforts to the development of some single sense. What Pelmanism does is to consider the mind as a whole and treat it as a whole. It goes in for mental team play, training the mind as a unity.

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(*Signed*) Ben B. Lindsey.

Note: As Judge Lindsey has pointed out, Pelmanism is neither an experiment nor a theory. For almost a quarter of a century it has been showing men and women how to lead happy, successful, well-rounded lives. 650,000 Pelmanists in every country on the globe are the guarantee of what Pelman training can do for *you*.

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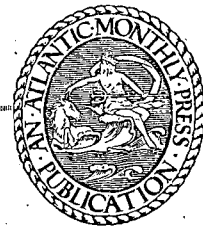


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# THIS WEEK

IT is amusing to look back at those curious fancies that used to beguile us in the early days of the War. At that time scarcely one man in a hundred knew that Bethmann-Hollweg, Sir Edward Grey, von Tirpitz, Lloyd George, Wilhelm II, and the Tsar of Russia were all confirmed pacifists. But as we see things now — especially as we look at them through the eyes of *A German Publicist* — the situation clears up delightfully. The Allies were not guilty; neither was Germany. Even the old theory of inevitability no longer holds water. The real trouble was that France and Russia could not get it through their heads that Germany was pursuing a peaceful policy. What a consolation it is to think that in these enlightened times of World Courts and Leagues of Nations such misunderstandings can no longer occur.

❦ ❦ ❦

*Sir Arthur Keith* tenderly fingers the skull of a neo-Neanderthal-Neanthropic man that was dug up near the Lake of Galilee. As the scientists have had only a few months to speculate on this new discovery, one can hardly look for any very definite conclusions. If all goes well, however, they hope to be able to establish a link between the lowly Neanderthals and the lofty Nordics.

❦ ❦ ❦

Amid the cheers of the Zlatoustinskaia Division of the Red Army, six airplane-loads of whiskered Comrades lit out across Asia. Although they had no Mitchells, no Wilburs, and no omniscient Coolidges to watch over their safety, the whole half-dozen of them made the flight from Moscow to Peking without serious mishap. In the same way that our own cigarette-manufacturers and recruiting officers hope to get their message across by the air route, those infernal Bolsheviki expect to preach Marx from the clouds. It does not seem to occur to them that the truth of what they say has anything to do with the case.

❦ ❦ ❦

*Hellmut von Gerlach* describes the old-fashioned Junker's Paradise that used to flourish in German Silesia. The landowning aristocrats had modest standards — a few saddle-horses, several pairs of coach-horses, a dozen carriages, plenty of good hunting, good food, and good liquor — and they were content. The peasants, of course, had to do quite a lot of work, but on election day they had the privilege of being forced to vote the straight Old Party ticket.

❦ ❦ ❦

For those of sterner tastes, the lonely Island of Castelrosso is just as much of a paradise as Silesia ever was. It is far away from our drab artificial civilization and can be reached only by sail- or gun-boat. But it is worth all the seasickness in the world to see the entire male population celebrate a religious festival by rushing in a body into the sea, all dressed in their Sunday best.

❦ ❦ ❦

The last word on Proust has now been pronounced. He was a triple distillation of Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, and Freud. *René Gillouin*, who delivers this judgment, is apparently one of the twelve men now living who have read the complete works of this titanic Frenchman, and he makes this department, for one, wish it had got beyond page 246, Vol. I, of *Swann's Way*.

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# THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 326 — *SEPTEMBER 26, 1925* — NO. 4238

## A WEEK OF THE WORLD

### OPIUM AGAIN

IT is hard to narcotize British opinion on a subject that touches the national conscience, and the controversies that gathered around the two opium conferences at Geneva last winter proved to be live issues in the press of England and India when the League's Opium Committee met again at the same city last month. In reply to certain pointed questions by a British member, the Japanese delegate explained that the manufacture of cocaine in his country, which has averaged, at least until recently, between eight thousand and ten thousand pounds a year, was steadily decreasing; but he would not agree that this manufacture should be restricted to necessary internal consumption, reserving for his country the right to produce this drug also for legitimate foreign commerce.

The tidewaters of Eastern Asia are the principal, but by no means the only, focus of illicit narcotics-trade. For example, the Persian Gulf shares in this distinction. More or less caravan smuggling of opium is said to occur from India into Persia, and in the latter country the cultivation of the poppy is still considered an indispensable source of revenue. Sir Arnold T. Wilson, who was acting Civil Commissioner and Political Resident in Persia for several years, and writes with the attitude of a 'hard-boiled' Indian servant, had a long defense of opium in the last April number of the *Asiatic Review*. He enlivened his argument by side hits at the United States, whose Prohibition law, he opined, 'has had repercussive effects on international relations that could scarcely have been foreseen by the most lynx-eyed diplomat.' He averred that 'to the great majority of smokers who use it moderately, opium appears to act as a stimulant, and to enable them to undergo great fatigue, and to go for a considerable time with little or no food, and when the smoker has plenty of active work it appears to be no more injurious than smoking tobacco.' Notwithstanding these beneficent effects, however, the Persian Government made the traffic in the drug a Government monopoly fifteen years ago, and has taken subsequent measures for restricting its use. We are told that 'the opium-growers and mer-

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chants are probably the wealthiest class in Persia. The former include many of the most influential clergy of the country, who own or control a considerable portion of the ceded public domain and public endowments or bequests of privately owned land for charitable or religious purposes.' So Church and finance are arrayed against radical measures to abolish poppy-cultivation. This remarkable defense of the drug closes with the following pæan in its praise, which, *mutatis mutandis*, has a cadence familiar to reformers in the United States: —

As in India, it is the muleteer's tonic, the starveling's solace, the rice-grower's febrifuge, the soldier's emergency-ration, and it is daily used to ease the pain of thousands of sick and injured men who cannot hope to obtain medical assistance. To deprive these people, at the instance of a foreign country, by ill-considered legislation, of one of their only household remedies, unless prescribed by a qualified medical man, who would often be not within a fortnight's journey, would be to inflict an intolerable wrong on a race that physically and mentally need not be afraid to challenge comparison with the polyglot communities of the New World, whose rulers apparently seek to circumscribe the liberties of Eastern races who can use, without abusing, stimulants. The existence of a few weak-minded drug-addicts, belonging for the most part to the wealthier classes, is a poor excuse for undermining by harassing legislation — the cost of enforcing which is bound to be very heavy — the sturdy individualism that is perhaps the greatest asset of the Persian nation.

The argument for the other side is presented in the August issue of the *Contemporary Review* by Sir William J. Collins, a leading surgeon and medical writer, who stands at the head of his profession in Great Britain, and by C. F. Andrews, a Protestant missionary long resident in India. The former authority points out that as long ago as 1906 Mr. John Morley, when Secretary of State for India, took issue with the old official defense of the traffic as justifiable on such grounds as we have quoted. More recently the Indian Government itself has declared that opium-smoking is 'essentially a social vice' and 'a vicious habit' — statements that incorporate the best judgment of all who have made even a superficial study of the problem. The world production of opium is not less than 2500 tons a year, while the requirements for legitimate medical purposes have been variously computed at from five to 125 tons. The distinction drawn by the Indian Government between smoking opium as a harmful practice and eating opium as comparatively innocuous is not supported by pharmacologists. In fact, eminent authorities hold that smoking is 'by far the least objectionable way of taking opium, because the amount of alkaloid taken is so small, because a strong craving is not formed, and because "cure" is relatively easy.' England is reducing her exports of morphia, which have fallen from over half a million ounces to less than 89,000 ounces within the last ten years.

Mr. Andrews, who sympathizes warmly with the best native sentiment on this subject, declares that the vice is spreading in India's new industrial centres, where the old religious sanctions of village life have been broken down. It has also been encouraged by the immigration of Chinese. The sore point so far as India is concerned, however, is the shipment of opium to Singapore and other Far Eastern ports and countries, where it becomes a source of revenue to the Government. Mr. Andrews concludes an article upon opium export from India in the Bombay *Daily Mail* with this paragraph:—

The truth about Geneva is becoming more and more widely understood. Lord

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Cecil's complaint that the Honorable Stephen Porter — Chairman of the American Delegation to the Geneva Conference last winter — had charged Britain with sordid financial considerations was never denied or retracted by America. The charge still remains. With the facts of the Foreign Possessions in the Far East, as the world is beginning to know and understand them, it is difficult for Great Britain to justify this opium revenue, of which India is both the producer and the receiver. The strong suspicion remains that India has been dragged into this business, not because it would hurt the Indian revenue very much to forgo the sale of a few thousand opium chests to Singapore and Hongkong and Malay and Saigon, but because it would cripple the finances and also lessen the supply of much-needed Chinese labor at Singapore, North Borneo, and other places, if the opium traffic were closed down too soon.

✽

AT A TIME FOR KINDLY WORDS

THE death of Mr. Edgar Addison Bancroft, the American Ambassador to Japan, was the occasion of kindly comment in the Japanese press upon his character and services. Tokyo *Asahi* said that the late Ambassador made constant efforts to win the good-will of the Japanese people.

In February last he paid homage at the Meiji Shrine, the centre of the Japanese worship and reverence, and in April he visited Shimoda, an historical spot in the annals of Japan-American relationship, to pay a tribute to the memory of Townsend Harris, who laid the foundations of the diplomatic intercourse between Japan and America. In short, he took pains to remedy the effects of what his immediate predecessor described as America's grave blunder.

Tokyo *Nichi Nichi* observed that the late Ambassador's task of restoring the disturbed relations between America and Japan was admittedly very difficult. 'That he consented to undertake this hard task with his eyes open to its difficulties showed that he was fully conscious of his ability to fulfill his mission. It was a misfortune not only for himself but for Japan-American relationship that he did not hold the Ambassadorship sufficiently long to realize his plans.' *Kokumin* and *Yorodzu* were equally friendly in their comment. The latter journal said: 'During his short term of office here he strove to gain a correct understanding of Japan, and his end came just when the fruit of his understanding was about to be gathered.' *Osaka Asahi* characterized Mr. Bancroft as 'a perfect gentleman of the British type,' who 'regretted the enforcement of the anti-Japanese immigration law, and was at great pains to work out some plan to save Japan's face and cement the friendship between both countries. His endeavors in this direction laid the Japanese people under obligations to him. Had he lived a few years longer he would have made a really valuable contribution to Japan-American good relations.' *Osaka Mainichi* referred to the uneasiness felt in Japan when Mr. Woods, our exceedingly popular ambassador at the time the immigration-restriction law was passed, resigned partly as an expression of his disapproval of that law, and their fear that his successor might prove disappointing. 'It was even apprehended in some quarters that a diplomat of pronouncedly anti-Japanese proclivities might be chosen to replace him.' Fortunately these fears proved groundless.

In Mr. Bancroft the Japanese people found an ambassador who left nothing to be desired in diplomatic ability as well as personality. They got a better ambassador than they had ever hoped to secure. He combined in himself all the attributes which were required in his position. Even prior to his appointment as ambassador the deceased diplomat displayed considerable in-

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terest in the study of Japanese civilization and characteristics. He was certainly sympathetically disposed toward Japan's position. He was among those foreigners who could befriend the Japanese people. How he tried to cultivate familiarity with the Japanese can be gathered from the fact that soon after his arrival at his post he gave lectures in Osaka and other places before Japanese audiences. Had he lived longer, he would certainly have done much to improve the relations between this country and his. It is very deplorable for both countries that he passed away when he had just completed his preparations to put his plans for the improvement of their relations into execution.

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### CHURCHMEN AT STOCKHOLM

THE Church Congress which was opened at the Rikssalen of the Royal Palace at Stockholm by the King of Sweden on the nineteenth of last month was a notable event in the ecclesiastical world. All Christian bodies were invited to be present, and, to quote from the correspondent of the *Journal des Débats*, 'in spite of the abstention of Rome the Congress justified its title of universal, and the message that it will address to the world is of importance for all Christians.' He adds this bit of description to testify to the universality of the gathering: —

> Those who saw the members of the Congress enter the Storkyrkan at Stockholm in formal procession three days ago will never forget the strange and imposing spectacle. Austerity and pomp, ancient formalism and sober modernism, marched side by side. Golden tiaras, crosiers, silk hats, pectoral crosses, white stocks, overcoats, black robes, scarlet stoles; Wittenberg and Alexandria, Geneva and Canterbury, Berlin and Thyatira, Bombay and Paris; the Metropolitan of Malabar and a missionary from Apia, the Dean-Herold of Winterthur and the Archbishop of Nubia, the Patriarch of Prague and the Bishop of Winchester; and all the infinite varieties of Christian sects from America, dignitaries and evangelists, administrators and apostles, filed slowly before us. The organ's solemn notes echoed the accents of the Nicene Creed. All sang in unison the Te Deum, and — in four tongues — Luther's hymn. All epochs and traditions intermingled.

This 'Congress of Christian Life and Work' did not debate confessional questions and matters of creed. Its delegates listened to no arguments between Fundamentalists and Modernists. Its sole purpose was to unite the Christian world in a common affirmation, based on the teaching of the Evangels, of certain great moral and social principles in their application to such questions as education, marriage, civic duty, international relations, and war.

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### GREAT BRITAIN GROWING WETTER?

LAST year's report upon the Licensing Laws in England and Wales reveals that, although public houses were reduced in number, convictions for drunkenness increased and more people became drunk on methylated spirits than the previous year. The increase in drinking as measured by these records took place during the last seven months, and was particularly noticeable in the North. In fact, a slight decrease occurred in London and Southern England.

Among the amusing devices for getting liquor into England free of duty is the following method, which is surely too elaborate to find favor even with the most ingenious bootlegger: —

> The other day a passenger came off a Channel boat carrying a few luscious bunches of grapes. Perhaps the Customs man was thirsty. Anyway, he eyed those grapes enviously. And he noticed that just one grape on a bunch looked a little flabby. Also that the juice inside was flapping about like the tide against the pier-head.

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'Excuse me,' he said, politely, 'they look lovely.'

And he plucked the flabby one, and ate thereof. Colleagues said they had never seen such surprised delight on the man's face before.

He had quaffed a liqueur. 'This way, please,' smiled the ingrate to his victim. It was found that every one of the grapes was skin-full of liqueur.

The contrabandist had gone to the pains of emptying each grape with a needle-pointed syringe and filling it with liqueur.

Formerly ladies had some advantage over men in smuggling small articles into the country on account of the character of their clothes. But modern fashions have largely removed this masculine handicap, and, we are told, 'the skirt region now claims comparative immunity from suspicion, for the reason that there is so little of it and that little not always exactly opaque.'

✽

LIQUID COAL

THE Badische Anilinwerke, one of the great chemical-manufacturing companies of Germany, has secured control of the patents covering Professor Bergin's discovery of a method to liquefy coal, together with other fundamental patents bearing upon this process. The same group of interests is rumored to have purchased also the Stinnes interest in the Riebeck Mining Company, which owns the Stinnes Oil Company as well as large coal and lignite deposits. In this connection the Berlin correspondent of *Neue Freie Presse* says: 'For some time a bitter struggle for economic supremacy has been going on between the German chemical industry and the coal-mining industry, in which the latter seems steadily to be losing ground.'

The Bergin process consists in heating coal and hydrogen together in a high-pressure retort surrounded by a jacket between which and the retort hot gases are kept in circulation. This makes it possible to maintain a temperature in the retort itself exceeding 400° Centigrade. When subjected to this high heat and pressure the hydrocarbons of the coal, which constitute four fifths or more of its substance, combine with the hydrogen to form new compounds of lighter weight. These emerge from the retort in a gaseous form and are liquefied in a condenser, the excess of hydrogen being returned automatically to the retort. The resulting fluid contains various free oils and by-products which are separated from the 'liquid fuel' that forms the bulk of the product. After eight years of experiment the process is reported to have been reduced to a thoroughly commercial basis. As no residuum of coke is left in the retort, the process is practically continuous.

This method is not to be confused with the so-called McEwen-Runge Process invented in England, but first tested commercially at Milwaukee in the United States, by which the coal is reduced by low-temperature carbonization to a powdered semicoke, which can be used as a practically smokeless fuel. By this process valuable oils and tar are extracted from the coal prior to its use as fuel.

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AMERICA ABROAD

[LEGEND accompanying a halftone in *Le Matin*, Paris, of the courtroom during the Dayton evolution trial.] 'Two terrible heat-waves — the most terrible ever known in America — passed over the United States last June and July. William Jennings Bryan, the great orator, owes his death largely to the second of these waves. The snapshot above shows Bryan a few days before his decease. He was pleading before the court at Dayton in Ohio (*sic*). The heat was so oppressive that he had been

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forced to remove his coat, vest, collar, and cravat. His secretaries had done the same. Only the judge, who does not appear in the photograph, had kept on his robe. But he had removed his wig.'

[In *Lachen Links*, Berlin Republican *Witzblatt*.]

'Such a thing could happen only in America.'

'Come now, could n't such a trial have occurred in Bavaria?'

'No, absolutely impossible.'

'Why impossible?'

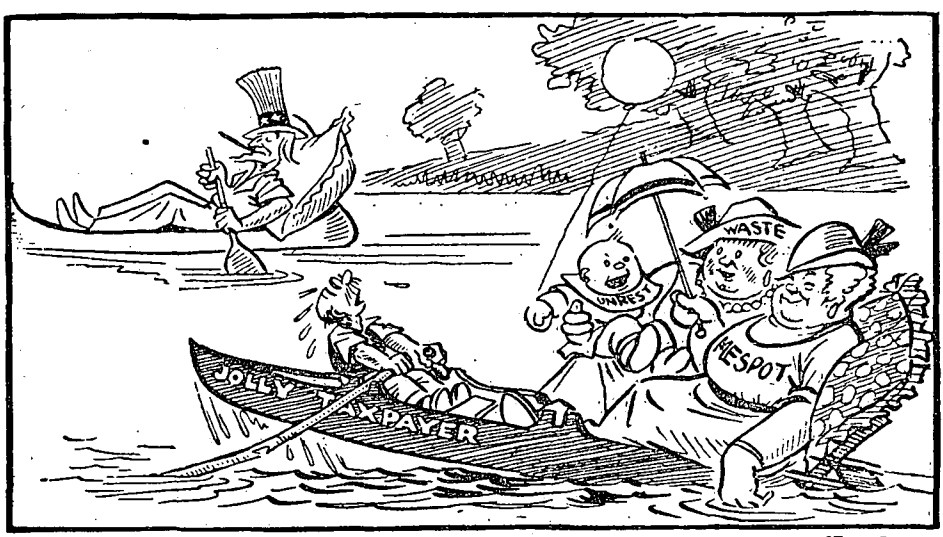
'Because there is n't a teacher like Scopes in Bavaria.'

[Translation of display advertisement in *Berliner Tageblatt*.]

Henry Ford drinks only the decaffeinated coffee of the Bremen Coffee Trade Corporation.

MINOR NOTES

A WRITER in the Berlin popular monthly *Uhu* believes the Germans, like the British, are too much inclined to take their pleasures sadly, and holds up the Americans as an example of what he considers a laudable 'keep smiling' philosophy of life. Comparing tourists of the two nations, he says: 'The contrast is most striking. The German travels for profit more than for pleasure. He studies, investigates, researches, and enthuses, but he does not obviously enjoy himself. The American is a pleasure-seeker, conventional and superficial, but making a joy of his travels as he does of his life.' He concludes that it would do both countries good if each could acquire something of the qualities of the other.




*Daily Express*] [London

**"Just look at that lonely fellow, John—ain't you glad you've got us with you?"**

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# AS WE SEE THINGS NOW. I[1]

## A GERMAN PUBLICIST

THE war destroyed the alleged disturbers of world peace and enemies of European security — namely, Hohenzollern absolutism, Prussian militarism, and Pan-Germanism. The Versailles Treaty was designed to make Germany harmless for all time, in order that she might never again threaten the security and tranquillity of her neighbors. Her people were deprived of the right of self-determination, and millions of them were forcibly torn away from the main body of the nation. Politically she was placed under a military and economic tutelage that deprived her of her full sovereignty and reduced her to a geographical conception. Strategically she was made a country without defendable frontiers, and her armaments on land and sea were reduced to a minimum. She was rendered economically and financially tributary to the Allies by the imposition of Reparations, the total of which was placed higher than her ability to pay; so that she was subjected to still further attacks upon her safety and autonomy.

While Germany was thus deprived of 'security,' her neighbors sought to strengthen their own security by multiplying their armaments on land, on sea, and in the air. Yet, in spite of all their efforts, they are still beset by fear. Security and world peace are more burning issues to-day than before the war. So as soon as the Dawes Plan solved the Reparations question, at least provisionally, France raised this question of security anew, as it affected both herself and her Eastern allies.

While we Germans, when we survey the condition of our country and our people to-day, stare about us with helpless bewilderment, great numbers of people in other countries honestly believe in a German danger. We see in the foreign press repeated references to German vengeance, and many who do not sympathize with France secretly believe this possible — for example, those who thought Hindenburg's election a case of showing one's hand too soon. It is the common opinion that monarchism, militarism, and imperialism are part of the very blood and bone of Germany, and that democracy and republicanism are a mere mask to help her over her present difficulties.

This conception of the German character, and the demand for security that springs from it, are the consequence mainly of Germany's conduct at the outbreak of the World War. The demand for security really goes back to the so-called question of war guilt. The Allies took the position that Germany and her associates caused the war, and they forced the German Government to sign an acknowledgment of this guilt. Furthermore, the new German Government was itself interested in placing the responsibility for a lost war and its vain sacrifices upon the old system of monarchism, militarism, and imperialism.

The Allies cited in support of their accusation documents published by the Munich revolutionary Eisner — documents that were falsified in respect to

[1] From *Kölnische Zeitung* (Conservative daily, British Occupied Territory), *July* 16, 17



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their essential points. After the Revolution the Socialist leader Kautsky was commissioned to publish selected Foreign Office papers relating to the decisive ten days at the outbreak of the war, naturally with the purpose of demonstrating the guilt of the former Government. Later, when our people saw that this 'confession of guilt' did the country untold harm, and not the slightest good, our representatives swung around to the position that Germany was not solely responsible for the war. They admitted that she shared responsibility, but attributed that share entirely to the old régime, hoping thus to justify the Revolution and yet unburden Germany of part of the odium of her alleged misconduct.

Thus we see that all discussion of the war-guilt question hitherto has been biased by political interest. We can make no progress in dealing with that question unless we draw a distinction between moral and intellectual culpability. We must also define clearly what we mean when we use such words as France, Germany, Russia; whether they refer to the political leaders or to the common people of these countries. Moral guilt consists, in a word, in ill-will and evil intentions. Intellectual culpability, on the other hand, consists in political incompetence and diplomatic stupidity and the political actions that result from them.

It is absolutely wrong to assume that any responsible government, or more than negligible minority of any nation, wanted war in 1914 or designedly invited it. Bismarck once said that war clouds are natural phenomena in the political sky, but that the number of these that bring storms is incomparably smaller than the number that drift harmlessly away and vanish. The idea that wars are inevitable natural phenomena is cherished only by naïve and untutored minds. Between 1871 and 1914 controversies far more difficult than the Austro-Serbian conflict of 1914 were settled without recourse to arms. I need only mention the two Morocco crises of 1905 and 1911. In fact, such crises have often clarified the political atmosphere without injury to anyone.

Whether a war breaks out — and this is as true of democratic countries as of monarchies — depends in every case upon the men who chance to control the government. The will of the nation invariably plays only a minor part. Nations do not go to war until their governments have made it inevitable; then they spring to the defense of their fatherland, which seems their supreme duty.

We must admit, of course, that in 1914 all the Great Powers were engaged in an armament race, but that very fact — if we regard it dispassionately — was as likely to promote peace as the reverse. At least up to the present time the Great Powers seem to have found no better means of security. Any advantages that a country might obtain by a war become, in these days of tremendous armaments, mere bagatelles compared with what a country must spend to win that war. To quote the Iron Chancellor again: 'If Europe were to engage in hostilities extending from the Urals to the Pyrenees, it would ask itself when the thing was over why it had ever fought.' Only a short time before the outbreak of the World War, Norman Angell, in *The Great Illusion*, a book that was translated and widely read in almost every language, proved clearly that at the end of a great war the victors would be no better off than the vanquished, for both alike would be ruined.

Of course in 1914, as at all other times, many subjects of controversy existed in Europe. But they were like bombs, which represented no immediate danger to the peace of the world

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if they were handled skillfully and carefully — as they were, for example, in 1913 at the London Ambassadors Conference. Some of them did explode in the Balkan War, and they wrought such disaster that they made everyone realize the importance of peace. The German Kaiser, in his address at Lübeck on the tenth of August, 1913, declared: 'We are in the midst of peace, and the gratitude we ought to feel for this is borne in upon us when we observe the devastation that war has wrought in the southeastern portion of our continent — a war that Divine Providence has spared ourselves.'

Some people try to explain the world catastrophe by so-called 'fundamental historical forces.' They appeal to geography and history to show the existence of certain traditional policies on the part of the Great Powers, such as France's covetousness for the Rhine, England's ambition to rule the seas, and Russia's ambition to hold the Dardanelles. Unquestionably these were objects that the Powers in question always kept in view, and that they hoped to attain at some favorable opportunity. But how few people in France actually expected, in the spring of 1914, to recover Alsace-Lorraine? After Agadir a rising tide of Nationalism, of *l'esprit nouveau*, had made Poincaré President, but that tide was already ebbing and in 1914 France had a Socialist-Radical Ministry. At the Congress of Basel in May 1914 the French Socialists were more numerous and active than their German brethren, and it was agreed that in the future Alsace-Lorraine should not be discussed at their meetings. In Russia the Tsar, his court, and his ministers were eager for peace and were absorbed in domestic reforms. They were striving to lift the economic and cultural level of their great empire. An ambitious project of land reform utterly monopolized the attention of the Government. For two hundred years Constantinople, the Mosque of St. Sofia, and the Straits had been the goal of Russia's ambition; but long historical experience had taught her rulers and her people that England and France stood athwart the way. Not until 1916, after the Gallipoli defeat, when they thought that Russia could never get the Straits in any case, did these two Powers concede her the right to take them.

In England a Liberal ministry containing Asquith, Grey, and Lloyd George was in control of the Government. It was pacifist by principle and conviction, and wholly preoccupied with domestic reforms. Although a prompt English veto on the building of the German navy might have prevented it, she passively allowed Germany to become a great sea Power whose strength was later proven by the Battle of Jutland. She thereby renounced her claim to the absolute sovereignty of the seas, and contented herself with sending Lord Haldane to Berlin and agreeing upon a relative naval strength of sixteen to ten. She formed an entente, first with France and then with Russia. But this was no true alliance. On the contrary, it was a mere understanding that did not tie her hands but left her free to make her own decisions, even in case of a German attack. Consequently her military convention with France and her naval convention with Russia were not of an obligatory character. These ententes were concluded in order to avoid a conflict with France in North Africa and with Russia in Persia. As soon as they had accomplished this they had fulfilled their purpose. England had persistently refused to convert the entente into an alliance out of fear lest this might encourage France to think of recovering Alsace-Lorraine.

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In fact, France and Russia did not know, even late in July, whether in case of a European war they would have the help of England. Of course, there were in all three countries men like Poincaré, Delcassé, Izvolskii, and others, and a chauvinist press like *Le Matin*, the London *Times*, and *Novoe Vremia*, always crying criminally for war and poisoning the political atmosphere with alarmist lies. But from an evil thought to an evil deed is none the less a long step. When it came to the point, even the most unscrupulous of these men and journals would have shrunk from the monstrous crime of precipitating a European war. Only one man, Izvolskii, a barbarian whose veneer of civilization was thinner than his skin, had the brutal callousness to cry, when the crisis came: '*C'est ma guerre!*'

What we have said of the Allies is even more true of the Central Powers. Austria with her twelve nationalities was, to quote Metternich, 'a system of ten thousand ailments.' She was wholly absorbed in keeping alive; she was chiefly anxious to be let alone. The annexation of more Balkan territories would have been anything but welcome to the Germans and Hungarians, who were the dominant races in the Monarchy, since it would only increase the already overnumerous Slavs.

Germany's policy since the war of 1870 was, as the great collection of Foreign Office archives just published shows, 'a constant conspiracy and intrigue to maintain peace in Europe.' She had everything to lose by a war and little to gain; for if she were victorious she would be embarrassed to discover anything really desirable to annex. Later this lack of a good reason for fighting caused constant discord among the German people during the war itself. The maintenance of peace was enjoined upon Germany by every selfish consideration, for no country had so much to gain by peace. As a Belgian ambassador once wrote: 'Germany needs only to sit tight and watch the growth of her industries and science, and to keep up her present huge excess of births over deaths, to be sure of becoming the dominant Power of Europe.' For this reason Germany had let many favorable opportunities to commit aggressions against France pass by at the time when she was on the best of terms with England and when England was bitterly hostile to France and Russia. Had Germany contemplated war she would never have assented to the abrogation of the Algeciras Treaty, signed by thirteen nations — an action that afforded a most plausible excuse for attacking France for treaty violation.

During the war enemy propaganda sought to ascribe to Germany the most fantastic plans of world conquest. The French claimed that Germany sought to rule all Europe; the English claimed that she was trying to gain the mastery of the seas; the Russians clamored that she sought to control the Straits and the Near East; the Italians feared that she wished to make herself mistress of the Mediterranean. Even if all that had been true, Germany would only have been cherishing the same imperialist ambitions as the other Powers who were her rivals. In reality, Germany had been for forty years a stabilizing instead of a disturbing influence in Europe. Sobering the French chauvinists, holding the balance level against the growing overweight of the rapidly multiplying Slavs, and championing the freedom of the seas against Britannia's claim to rule them, her so-called imperialism was the imperialism of industry and trade, which, like American imperialism to-day, is essentially an imperialism of peace.

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# NEW LIGHT ON EARLY MAN[1]

BY SIR ARTHUR KEITH

[THE discovery of a human skull of an exceedingly primitive type in a cave near the Lake of Galilee during excavations carried out by the British School of Archæology in Jerusalem has already been noted in the *Living Age*. The following article, by the Director of the Museum and Hunterian Professor of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, gives further details of this interesting discovery.]

WHEN it was announced last June that the British School of Archæology in Jerusalem had discovered the fossil remains of Neanderthal man in Palestine, the attention of those who are seeking to unravel the early history of mankind in Europe was at once aroused. For in these recent years Neanderthal man has taken the centre of the prehistoric stage. It is now certain that for a long space of time Europe was inhabited solely by this peculiar breed or species of mankind — one that differed much more from any living race than does the modern European from the modern Negro. The fossil remains of Neanderthal man have been found in Europe as far south as Gibraltar and Malta, as far north as Central Germany, as far west as Jersey, and as far to the east as Croatia, but until now they have never been found outside the limits of Europe.

The centre of his distribution in ancient times seems to have been the Dordogne region of France; at least it is there that his fossil remains have been found most freely, and it was in the cave deposits of that region that we first learned the forms of implements which he fashioned and the extinct kinds of animals which he hunted. Long ago French archæologists gave the name of 'Mousterian' to the kind of stone implements he made, and it is now certain that the period of this Mousterian culture was a long one; at present I am working on the hypothesis that its beginning dates back to about 40,000 B.C. and that it came to an end about 20,000 B.C.

We know much more about its end than its beginning. The Mousterian culture was somewhat abruptly replaced in Europe by one of another kind, the Aurignacian, and with this culture appeared men of our own kind, of the modern European type. The transition is too sudden to permit us to suppose that Neanderthal man had been transformed into modern or Neanthropic man; besides, although many of his features were primitive or apelike, others had become so peculiarly specialized that we cannot regard Neanderthal man as an ancestor of modern man. Where, then, did modern man come from when he made his appearance in Europe and replaced Neanderthal man? What is the relationship of Neanthropic man to Neanderthal man? The discovery now announced throws a welcome light on both of these problems.

Mr. Turville-Petre found the cranial fragments in a cave deposit marked by the Mousterian culture; the fossil remains ought to be those of Neanderthal man if prehistoric culture and race

[1] From the *Times* (London Independent Conservative daily), *August* 14



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followed the same sequence in Palestine that they did in Europe. When Professor Garstang submitted photographs of the frontal bone to me I formed the opinion that the man represented by that bone, although manifestly primitive and furnished with massive eyebrow-ridges similar to those of Neanderthal man, was not truly of that species but seemed to indicate the kind of being who might serve as an ancestor to modern man and at the same time stand as a cousin to Neanderthal man, for there can be no doubt that as we follow back the history of ancient human types Neanderthal man and modern man will merge in a common and very primitive ancestor. Even when, only a week ago, the frontal bone reached me, the impression then formed confirmed that drawn from the photograph. Fortunately, with the frontal bone, which gives a true picture of the forehead and temples of this ancient man of Galilee, there were two other bones — the right cheek-bone, or malar, and the right half of a bone that forms the central part of the floor of the skull — the sphenoid. More fortunate still, all the bones were perfectly preserved; they were as hard and firm as porcelain; the edges where they joined were clearly cut and made a perfect fit when placed in their relative positions. When the parts were put together and placed in their natural relationships there could be no doubt that Mr. Turville-Petre's original identification was right — the Galilean man was a member of the Neanderthal species. Thus even in remote times Palestine, and, one may legitimately infer, Asia Minor, went with Europe; they had a corresponding race of men and a similar culture.

Although the Galilean man is of the Neanderthal species, he represents a peculiar variety of that species, one that makes an approach in several respects to man of the modern type. Neanderthal man, like living man, was broken up into races and breeds. The best-known type is that represented by fossil remains found in France, Belgium, and Germany — short, stout men with massive heads, which were long and wide, but low and flat in the crown; their heads were bun-shaped, their foreheads low and slanting, with great beamlike eyebrow-ridges that rivaled those of the gorilla. At Gibraltar another type of Neanderthal man was found — one with a small head and a small brain. At Krapina, in Croatia, a still further race or variety was found some twenty years ago; their heads were wide, short, and low-crowned; the bones of their limbs were more like those of living races than is the case with the big-headed type of Central Europe.

The Galilean type finds its nearest European allies in the Croatian or Krapina type, but it differs from that type and all others of Europe in having a narrow and high-vaulted skull — in this respect making an approach to modern man. The frontal bone at its broadest part measures only 112 mm., from which one may safely infer that at its widest part the original skull measured under 140 mm. The height of the vault above the earholes I infer to have been 120 mm., while there are indications that lead one to believe that the original skull measured about 200 mm.

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in its extreme length. Although the eyebrow-ridges are very massive and strong, the bone enclosing the brain cavity is not thicker than is the rule among European men of to-day. From all of these facts it may be inferred that in point of size the brain of the ancient Galilean fell only a little short of that of the average Englishman of to-day — on whom the brain volume measures about 1480 cubic centimetres.

The brain convolutions have left their impress on the inner surface of the frontal bone, particularly in the region that lies over the roofs of the orbits. By taking a cast of the interior of the frontal bone, a custom which has been widely used in recent years, it is possible to study the convolutionary arrangement of the frontal region of the brain of this fossil man. The convolutions are small and simple and resemble more closely in their form and arrangement the pattern seen on the brain of Gibraltar man than in any other I have come across so far. The convolutionary pattern is altogether human; among living races the nearest resemblance is to be found in the aboriginal people of Australia. There is nothing in the brain of this ancient type that leads us to think it had not attained the full status of humanity.

As in all members of the Neanderthal species, the eyeballs were set in capacious sockets; the eyes must have been deep-set, for the sockets are nearly half an inch deeper than in modern man; they are wide from side to side, and high as measured from the beetling mass of bone that formed their upper margin to the rounded sill below formed by the cheek-bone. The shape of the cheek-bone and of a part of the upper jaw that still adheres to it shows that the face had the full puffed-out Neanderthal contour — a character that finds its fullest expression in the face of the gorilla, and is present to a less degree in all varieties of the Neanderthal species. Enough of the nose remains to show that the Galilean man had the characteristic Neanderthal nose — one that is saddle-shaped at the root, its smooth concavity mounting without break into the rounded eminence that crosses the brim of the forehead.

That the fragments of this skull are as ancient as the deposits in which they were found there cannot be a doubt; the degree of fossilization may be taken as excluding any possibility of their being a later intrusion. Seeing that all the sutures or joinings are perfectly open and free, we must draw the conclusion that we are dealing with a young adult, one certainly under thirty years of age. Further, the massiveness of the eyebrow-ridges and certain other features lead us to infer that we are dealing with the male sex. Only it is well to remember that Neanderthal women as well as men had greatly developed eyebrow-ridges of the gorilline type. Indeed, we are still uncertain as to the degree to which sexes were marked off from each other by outward appearances in this ancient type of humanity. Further, it is clear that the bones of this man's skull had been separated before they found a resting-place in the floor deposits of the cave, for the sutural or joint-borders are just as weathered as are the exposed surfaces of the bones.

Although young, the Galilean man had apparently suffered, for on the outer surface of his frontal bone — in the region of his forehead — are three depressions of a peculiar character. In size and shape they are such as the pulp of a finger would make when applied to a surface of modeler's clay; but each depression shows signs of healing. These healed depressions in the bone were caused by some form of injury or disease some considerable time before death. I have shown these healed de-

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pressions to my friend Mr. T. W. P. Lawrence, of the Royal College of Surgeons, and he agrees with me that they were caused long before death, but how produced neither he nor I can tell. In France, during the Neolithic period, large trephining operations were carried out on the skull, and often, instead of making an actual hole, the Neolithic surgeon was content to do merely a scraping operation — a practice still followed among certain living native peoples. One of the depressions on the Galilean skull resembles the condition produced by such an operation, but I hope that this admission will not be construed into a definite statement that a skull-scraping operation was performed in ancient times on the shores of the Lake of Galilee.

As evidence stands at present one must infer that Neanderthal man underwent his later evolutionary changes in Europe. The lower jaw found near Heidelberg nearly twenty years ago, in strata much more ancient than those represented by the Mousterian strata of caves, tells us of the presence of a very primitive form of the Neanderthal species in Europe at a very early period. As we pass eastwards the Neanderthal type becomes a little less Neanderthal and a little more Neanthropic. The discovery now made by the British School of Archæology in Jerusalem takes us farther to the east and somewhat nearer to Neanthropic or modern man. The just inference seems to be that the ancestor of modern man has to be sought for still farther to the east, or, perhaps, to the south, for the Rhodesian man, who came to light four years ago in the Broken Hill mine, although he has more massive eyebrow-ridges than have been seen in any Neanderthal skull, is of our type. In any case this discovery, taken with those of recent years, shows us that in all parts of the world, even as late as the middle part of the Pleistocene period, mankind of all species was, so far as bodily features were concerned, still in a primitive state. Apparently man has come by his present form in a much briefer space of time than many of us were prepared to allow only a year or two ago. The human body seems to have been plastic in the hands of evolution in quite recent geological times.

This discovery also opens the possibility that the Near East contains data that will unfold for us the critical chapters of the evolutionary history of modern man.

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# MOSCOW TO PEKING BY AIR[1]

## PROPAGANDA IN EXCELSIS

### BY THE SOVIET PRESS CORRESPONDENT

NOVONIKOLAEVSK, *June* 15. — All our six planes have arrived safely, and we are preparing for the next stage of our journey, Novonikolaevsk to Irkutsk, during which we shall pass over a thousand miles of the most difficult territory on our trip. It consists largely of wild taiga forest and mountains. Hitherto we have been passing over well-known country long since explored and traveled by our aviators. The most remarkable feature of the flight from Moscow to this point is the fact that all six of our planes have invariably kept together. Some have criticized us for our slow progress, but they forget that we are not racing but exploring.

For two days our pilots and machinists have been busy inspecting and testing their motors. We have learned that for a considerable portion of the route immediately ahead of us the only possible landing-place will be the railway line. Along that line, from Novonikolaevsk to Irkutsk, a distance, including its detours, of some twelve hundred miles, there are only five regular landings-fields and two emergency stations. To be sure, what appear to be broad meadows are often visible in the midst of the taiga forest, but they are treacherous marshes where it is impossible to make a landing. The hundred miles between Achinsk and Krasnoyarsk are particularly dangerous on account of the mountains, for over that tract we shall have to maintain an elevation of three thousand metres; and it is impossible to land even on the railway, for the line runs through deep cuts or along high fills. Between Krasnoyarsk and Irkutsk are nearly three hundred miles of unbroken forest without a single settlement within thirty or forty miles of the railway line, and along these portions of the route the tracks are hemmed in by two unbroken walls of giant cedar-trees.

KRASNOYARSK, *June* 22. — Our arrival has caused great excitement in the city. A meeting of between two and three thousand workers was held, where Comrade Schmidt, the leader of our expedition, described our flight from Moscow to this point. At another meeting the chairman asked the expedition leader to bear this message to the Chinese people: 'The Zlatoustinskaia Division of the Red Army watches with breathless interest the struggle of the Chinese people against imperialism.'

NIZHNE UDINSK, *June* 23. — We left Krasnoyarsk at 3 A.M. with the first light of dawn, and reached here at 6 P.M. the same evening, all planes arriving simultaneously. This has been the most dangerous stage of our flight. The region is mountainous, and dense clouds of smoke from the immense forest-fires of the taiga reduced the visibility. A sea of pine-tops waved beneath us. Our eyes involuntarily

[1] From *Izvestia* (Soviet Government official daily), June 25 – July 19



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roamed over the country ahead, searching for a possible landing-place in case of need. Rodzevich, the mechanic in my plane, anxiously watched our apparatus. I knew that something was not working as it should. A glance overboard gave me a thrill of fear, for if we descended our case was hopeless. But soon the pilot received a reassuring note from the mechanic; the defect was remedied; our gauges stood at normal.

Comrade Volkovoinov flew ahead of us, his slender biplane making a fascinating picture as it skimmed above the taiga. Our Junker is much heavier, and reminded me of a night moth with its fat body.

When we reached here, the whole population, except infants in arms and old folk too feeble to be abroad, had assembled to watch us land. The moment we did so an improvised meeting was held, where telegrams of greeting from different points in Siberia were read from the speaker's platform, which was the left wing of the airplane 'Pravda.' Our aviators were fairly mobbed by the joyous throng, though what they needed most was rest. We have now covered nearly three thousand miles in seven days, during which we have been a total of thirty hours in the air.

IRKUTSK, *June* 24. — We left Nizhne Udinsk at dawn and arrived here at 7.50 A.M. local time, all six planes bunched together. The whole atmosphere, up to an altitude of three or four thousand feet, was clouded with smoke during the entire trip. Our aviators could not see each other, and we were in constant danger of collision. As soon as we reached a clear space they began to perform stunts. Several miles before we reached Irkutsk we sighted the landing-field at the village of Bokovo, and describing a wide circle above the town, whose streets were full of spectators, we descended at this point. Throngs of people from Irkutsk itself and from all the country for miles around have gathered to welcome us. We shall remain here four days while our mechanics give our motors a thorough overhauling. We have decided what course we shall take during the next stage of our journey — directly across Lake Baikal to Tanhoi, then via Lake Guisnoe to the highway from Kiakhta to Urga, which we shall follow to the latter point. Telegrams from Urga tell us that a mobile airplane-base is being organized there. Our mechanics are hampered by the fact that the landing-field is eight miles from the city.

We are now entering upon the most interesting as well as one of the most dangerous portions of our journey. It will be even more dangerous than the blinding smoke over the burning taiga, for we must cross Lake Baikal at an elevation of some nine thousand feet in order to avoid the air-pockets and cross-currents that prevail above its stormy waters, and then pass the Hamar-Daiban Mountains, which reach an altitude of seven thousand feet. So far our motors have given us no trouble, and our pilots, though very tired, are in excellent spirits.

*June* 29. — Baikal is cloudy. The temperature has fallen. We have had a sudden change of weather and shall not be able to leave to-morrow as planned. Here, close to Lake Baikal, the climate is most variable. Meteorology is in its infancy. According to the fishermen the *bargusin* or northeast wind brings fair weather, and the *kultuk* or southwest wind brings storms, but the most dangerous of all is the northwest wind, which they call the mountain wind. We are at the end of June, but the waters of Lake Baikal are still as cold as ice, and the flowers along the shore are only beginning to open.

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We are staying at the Grand Hotel of Irkutsk, where a band plays evenings in a cheerless, empty hall. The manager complains that business is poor. Once in a while there is some animation when gold-miners come in to spend their gains in dissipation and wrangling. They are curious types, wearing trousers of immense width tucked in their boots and so contrived that you may shake a man and tumble him around as much as you will but the gold will not slip out of his pockets. Garments of the same kind are used for smuggling spirits. These miners wear bright-colored shirts of the most expensive materials procurable. They do not carry firearms, but invariably have a stout knife concealed in the leg of their boot.

We are ready to leave the moment the weather clears. Our mechanics have finished work on their machines, and after a swim in the crystal-clear Angara River they have donned their sport suits and look more like European pleasure-resort idlers than transcontinental flyers. This evening it is raining without a minute's pause. To fly across Lake Baikal, where the water is so cold that men are said to die from the shock of an immersion in it, and to cross the snow-clad Hamar-Daiban range beyond, are only possible in fair weather. Comrade Tomashevskii will have the hardest time of all, for his is the weakest motor. But he pluckily boasts that he will keep us company at an altitude of nine thousand feet. Comrade Ekatov, who is the cautious, long-headed member of our party, declares that he will spare his motor and go slowly so as to be in better shape for the hard flight beyond Kalgan in China.

*June* 29. — We are still waiting to start. But the raging storm and the rain continue to detain us. News from all the points immediately ahead is bad. All report low-hanging clouds, rain; and heavy wind.

*July* 1. — We left Irkutsk at 11 A.M. this morning with a favorable wind, but soon ran into a change of weather. I shall never forget our adventures on this first of July. The sun was high when Comrade Schmidt made a short reconnoitring-flight. He returned with the best of news. The mountain summits ahead were clearly visible. We left. But immediately something went wrong with the 'Pravda,' which manœuvred, turned, and finally landed again. It is impossible to describe to one who has not had the experience the anxiety that a party like ours feels when one of the planes goes wrong and they do not know the cause. We learned later that the 'Pradva's' magnetos had ceased to function. A few minutes later we rose again. But time had been lost. Thick clouds were rolling slowly across the landscape. It was an extraordinary sight, such as was not witnessed again during our trip. At one moment the blue peaks of the distant mountains would stand out clearly ahead of us. A little later the fog was so dense that jagged rocks emerged from it close on either side of us. One of the planes that had escorted us from Irkutsk, and was now returning to our flying-base there, burst out of the mist directly in front of us. Fortunately it was at a slightly lower elevation, or we should have had a head-on collision. That experience determined Comrade Poliakov to turn back and not to risk unduly our lives and our machines. It was a disappointment, but almost certain death stalked ahead. A heavy blanket of fog hung over Baikal, forcing us down close to the water's surface. Drowning or crashing into a rock seemed the certain alternative of continuing our course. For the first time since we left Moscow our expedition is now divided. Comrades Tomashevskii and Ekatov had

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made good progress toward Urga. Gromov and Volkovoinov were lucky enough to jump across Lake Baikal and to land in Verkhne Udinsk. Our other two planes have returned to Irkutsk.

ALTAN-BULAK, *July* 2. — We left to-day hoping to reach Troitskosavsk, crossing mountainous country where we had the alternative of directing our course by the compass at a high elevation or following the scarcely visible highway and telegraph-line below. In the afternoon we crossed the Selenga River, plunging immediately afterward into mountain country where thick clouds enveloped us. Even Comrade Poliakov, who is usually a model of impassive self-command, shook his fist angrily at the sky. We made our way as well as possible through the clouds until, to our surprise, we found ourselves headed toward Vladivostok. In turning back we became hopelessly confused and descended at the first natural landing-place we saw. It was near the village of Edy, some thirty-five miles from Altan-Bulak.

The peasants of Edy are old believers who had heard vague rumors to the effect that 'the Bolsheviki were flying to China,' but did not believe a word of it. Now they were standing around us and could feel the planes with their hands. They sighed and spread out their arms in helpless amazement. A Buriat girl ran and hid herself in a cart when we appeared, but at length was reassured enough to come out and was very well pleased to pose before my camera. Russian girls, with a wealth of beads around their sunburned necks, came running breathlessly from Stary Kluchi, an even more distant settlement. We inquired our location, ascended again, and in a few minutes were here, at Altan-Bulak.

*July* 3. — 'Pravda' and 'Krasny Kamvolshik' are ready to start for Urga, but we must wait for our comrades, who, we have learned, were unable to leave Verkhne Udinsk as they planned. Between Verkhne Udinsk and Urga the weather is what our fliers call 'murderous.' We hear that Comrade Tomashevskii has safely reached Ulan Bator near Urga, where he descended in very unfavorable weather. Comrade Ekatov, who chanced to hit upon the best route when we became separated in the fog over Lake Baikal, made excellent headway toward Urga, when a violent rainstorm forced him to land on the Mongolian steppes. Not only was he remote from telegraph and telephone communication, but there was not a person in the neighborhood who could speak Russian. Ekatov and his mechanic spent the night in the *yurt* of some Mongolian shepherds, who showed truly Oriental indifference to this extraordinary event. The Mongolians have christened airplanes 'flying-carts.'

Comrade Tomashevskii also had to spend a night with Mongolian shepherds and to stay with them some time. At length he procured a horse and with great difficulty reached the nearest telegraph station at Monhatai, whence he telegraphed here, to Altan-Bulak, for gasoline. A supply was sent him by automobile and he started for Urga in a heavy rain. He has been a sailor and a military aviator, but reports that he never spent such anxious moments in his life as during this part of the trip.

Volkovoinov and Gromov circled over Lake Baikal for forty minutes before they found their way out of the clouds. Naidenov's plane, which, like the one I am traveling in, is a Junker, was unable to leave Urga until this morning. Our two Junker machines, in the trip to-day, were sometimes under and sometimes above the clouds. At times we could see the blue waters

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of Baikal beneath us, with the mountains reflected in their surface, a white sheet of fog ahead of us, and the snow-capped summits rising above the forest-clad ranges beyond against a background of thick gray mist. Near Lake Guisnoe we began to meet what our men call wells, — that is, clear shafts through the clouds, — at the bottom of which we could see dense cedar-forests clinging to mountain slopes.

Immediately upon landing at Altan-Bulak we were surrounded by a crowd of curious Mongols wearing bright khilats and a great variety of head-dresses. Some of these resembled a dinner-plate on top of a ball of wool. Others were cone-shaped, ending in a tassel. Still other natives wore straw hats, and a few even European felt hats. Some of the men were naked to the waist and so sunburned that they seemed black. Tousle-headed children tumbled around us; married women appeared in all their finery, wearing upon their heads curious arrangements adorned with precious stones and big horns. A very fat Tibetan medicine-man and lama rode up astride a small steppe-pony. Dogs gathered under the shelter of our airplanes, for a dog is an almost sacred animal in Mongolia and must not be disturbed. Soldiers of the Mongolian Red Army in khaki uniforms mingled joyously with the crowd. Said Baldjinima, the local Governor, appeared wearing a pale-yellow silk khilat. He was accompanied by our Consul, Comrade Starkov. They pushed their way with some difficulty through the dense throng surrounding us.

Altan-Bulak is a small semi-European city with a Mongolian bazaar, occupying the site of the former Chinese town Maimachen, which was burned in the civil war of 1920, except for a single temple. A few miles away are the customhouse and the ruins of old Kiakhta, where rich merchants trading in cattle and tea used to live.

On the day of our arrival a banquet was given in our honor. We met here representatives of the Mongolian Women's Progressive League. They appeared wearing khilats gathered tightly around the waist with belts, and men's felt hats.

Urga, *July* 4. — At length all six airplanes are together here. We covered the 210 miles or more from Altan-Bulak in an hour and forty-five minutes. Luckily, the wind was behind us and bore us along at a high rate of speed across the bare Mongolian steppes and hills.

*July* 5. — This afternoon our aviators have been doing fancy flying and performing stunts for the members of the Mongolian Government and the Mongolian People's Party. Our mechanics are busy preparing our planes for the flight across the Gobi Desert. We shall have to follow the telegraph line, for if we should lose that there are only seven or eight tiny Mongolian hamlets to guide us on our way to Kalgan, a distance of nearly twelve hundred miles. We shall also have to look out for caravans, for they camp near water and it may prove very necessary to know the location of the desert wells.

*July* 6. — At the public reception given us, the silk khilat of Said Baldjinima was adorned with the emblem of the Volunteer Red Air Fleet in a red star, which had been presented to him by Comrade Schmidt. The Governor made a long speech of greeting to the courageous flyers and observed that the flight had a great cultural message to bring. 'Soviet Russia,' he said, 'brings liberation and peace, brotherhood and equality, to the oppressed peoples of the Orient. Long live the Union of Soviet Republics!' The meeting ended with the singing

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of the 'International' in the Tibetan language, and in the evening a show was staged by the Mongol Communist League of Youth.

UDE, *July* 8. — We left Urga at 5.32 A.M. this morning, and four of our planes have landed here at 10 A.M. after encountering heavy winds and a pouring rain.

PEKING, *July* 9. — Leaving Ude on July 9, five of our planes reached Peking with a single stop at Mayotan. Comrade Tomashevskii, of whom we had lost all trace, at length reached Ude in the centre of the Gobi Desert. He was forced down at a tiny hamlet en route, where he nearly perished from thirst and heat. Though cut off from the whole world, he and his mechanic Kamyshev repaired their damaged plane and were at length able to continue their flight.

Peking honored us with a hearty welcome. Comrade Karakhan was the first to greet us. The landing-field was decorated with Chinese flags and Soviet banners. The flags of the *Gomindan*, or Chinese Communist Party, bore inscriptions: 'Long live the alliance of the Chinese people and the Union of Soviet Republics!' 'Down with imperialism!' 'Proletarians of all countries unite!' When our planes landed the band played the 'International' and then the Chinese anthem . . . The prominent Communist leader Su-Cheng emphasized in his speech the political importance of the Moscow-Peking flight.

'For the last hundred years,' he said, 'China has been oppressed by the imperialist Powers who have used their military superiority to throttle us. The Soviet Government was the first one to proclaim as its policy the liberation of the Oriental peoples . . . The Soviet-Chinese treaty of last year recognizes the complete equality of both nations. This treaty opens a new page in the history of international relations in the Far East. Whereas imperialism uses all means in its power to subjugate weaker peoples, the Soviet Union uses the same advantages to help them. Here lies the fundamental difference.'

We are preparing for demonstration flights around the city, to which members of the Chinese Government, representatives of the Labor unions, and distinguished members of the Communist Party have been invited.

*July* 17. — Early this morning Comrades Tomashevskii and Kamyshev succeeded in reaching Mayotan. In spite of heat and fog, our party immediately decided to fly over and meet him in the air. We discerned his plane about 7 P.M. and circled around him describing fancy figures. Then, falling in behind him, all six of us landed at Peking together at 7.40 P.M.

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# A JUNKER PARADISE

BY HELLMUT VON GERLACH

[This article is an extract from the reminiscences of a brilliant and well-known German pacifist just published under the title *Erinnerungen eines Junkers*, which we notice elsewhere in this issue.]

The first eighteen years of my life were spent in the district of Wohlau in Silesia. This district together with Guhrau and Steinau formed an electoral division that was called 'the golden borough of the Conservatives' because it had never sent either to the Reichstag or to the Landtag a representative who did not belong to that Party. It was not necessary for the candidates to exert themselves either physically or mentally in running for office. Any Herr von Kessel or Herr von Nitzschwitz or Graf Carmer might be nominated by a committee of big landlords presided over by the Landrat. Thereupon his election was assured.

This department was so extremely reactionary that even the Free Conservatives were looked upon as dangerous revolutionaries. On one occasion a clergyman, who was also district school-inspector, ventured to run for the Landtag as Free Conservative candidate with the help of some of the public-school teachers. His presumption aroused a storm of resentment among the country gentry. In its name a certain Herr von Seydlitz published a statement in the local paper accusing the clergyman of base ingratitude because, after having been in his younger days graciously received into the family of one of the large estate owners as a tutor for his children, he had ventured to set himself up against the will of the landed interest.

Inasmuch as the landlords enjoyed the right of appointing most of the clergymen and teachers, the latter were utterly dependent on their favor. My father's nearest neighbor was a certain Baron von Beust, a gentleman of Saxon origin. On one occasion he had to appoint a new incumbent for the parish on his estate of Herrnmotschelnitz. Several aspirants presented themselves for the position, each of whom delivered a probationary sermon. I personally heard all of them. Finally a very young clergyman, who had preached what was obviously the worst sermon of the series, was appointed. When I took Herr von Beust to task for this he merely grunted, 'Well, you see the chap plays bully skat.' That qualification was decisive.

My father was a Protestant, but he had the appointment to the living at the Catholic Church and school in Gross-Schmograu. He hated Catholics. He used to say, 'They are even worse than the Jews.' Consequently he did all in his power to get the most anti-Catholic priest he could find for the parish. Before long his policy was detected. After that the clerical aspirants for the position always represented themselves to my father as extreme freethinkers. After they were appointed, however, the lord of the parish had no control of them, and they always turned out in the end to be



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perfectly orthodox, and in several instances unusually zealous, priests and defenders of the Church. This only confirmed my father in his conviction that they were a breed of 'Jesuitical hypocrites.' My private idea was that his experience only proved the immorality of the whole institution of clerical patronage; although the Junkers considered it the very foundation stone of their power and defended it with tooth and nail.

Wohlau is in Central Silesia. We did not have the great latifundia of Upper Silesia. Our estates were for the most part of comparatively moderate size, ranging from two thousand to five thousand acres, and were usually 'circulating properties' — that is, they repeatedly changed proprietors. Landlords whose families had been permanently rooted in the soil for many generations, as they were in parts of Pomerania and Brandenburg, were rare in our neighborhood. So when a family had owned and lived upon the same property for fifty years it was usual to confer upon its head the Order of the Red Eagle IV in honor of the event.

My father had no great respect for orders. One day he learned that he was about to be given one — I think it was on the occasion of completing his twenty-fifth year of service as a local magistrate. When the Landrat of Wrochem called and notified him of the high honor that was awaiting him, my father made a deprecatory gesture and requested that the order be given instead to an elderly neighbor for whom it would be the great event of his declining years. That was done. The septuagenarian invalid, who still insisted on being called Lieutenant, was moved to tears when the Landrat, with a ceremonious speech, bestowed upon him the highest form of earthly bliss in the shape of the Order of the Red Eagle IV. As the old gentleman was no longer able to leave the house, he wore it constantly on his dressing-gown.

Much of the property in our vicinity was owned by officers who had been dropped from active service. They knew nothing whatever about farming, but they imagined that although they had failed in a military career they were at least abundantly competent to manage a large estate. Naturally they made one blunder after another, and their bailiffs robbed them right and left. Thereupon they would deliver long harangues on the depression in agriculture and clamor for higher duties upon grain. They were not consciously insincere. They regarded agriculture as a highly respectable calling that required no special preparation but that nevertheless ought to support a gentleman according to the standards of his class.

Those standards were very modest, at least in their own opinion: saddle horses, a couple of spans of coach horses, a dozen carriages, a well-stocked wine cellar, a hunting-preserve, good hunting-dinners, and ability to educate their sons as Corps students or cavalry officers. These things were assumed as a matter of course. Gambling, which was such a curse among the country gentry of Upper Silesia, was kept within bounds. A few frivolous-minded young bloods might play hazard after a hunting-dinner. On such occasions, however, they often had to use matches as chips in default of ready money. But most of the card-playing was confined to humdrum whist and skat.

Our landlords had their own economic code. If a man owned an immense park, he considered the cost of its maintenance a necessary operating-charge of his estate. Instead of sending his children to the public schools, he kept private tutors and governesses

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and regarded that expense as a perfectly proper cost-item in his farming-operations. He felt the same about his hunting-expenses, which first and last were very considerable — although he might have leased his hunting-rights for a goodly sum. The gentry hardly took the handsome castles and manor houses they occupied into account as revenue. I remember hearing one of our neighbors abuse the Landrat roundly at a neighborhood gathering because that gentleman had assessed his castle, which had twenty windows on the front façade, at a rental of nine hundred marks a year. He had declared it for only three hundred marks. When I asked him how he reduced it to that figure, since the interest on the cost of his residence would have amounted to several thousand marks, he said: 'In my village the only other possible tenants would be farm laborers. They earn so little money that taking them altogether they could n't pay more than three hundred marks rent.' Yet this man was absolutely convinced that he was right. In fact, the country gentleman had economic theories that were all his own.

Our rural laborers were intensely ignorant and lived in a most primitive sort of way. Almost their only indulgence was liquor, which on all festal occasions, such as Christmas, Harvest Home, and the opening of the hunting-season, they obtained by litres from the landlord's distillery. The women of the gentry class would wax indignant at the farm hands' drunken orgies every Saturday and Sunday. At the same time, they took great satisfaction in the big profits that their distilleries paid. Their ethical code was well satirized in this little quatrain: —

*Lern, lieber Sohn, das Leben kennen,*
*Sehr nobel ist es, Schnaps zu brennen,*
*Bedenklich schon, ihn zu verkaufen,*
*Ganz unmoralisch, ihn zu saufen.*

(Learn, my son, this rule of conduct: It is very noble to distill whiskey; it is a questionable business to sell it; it is utterly immoral to swill it.)

At that time farm laborers were politically merely tools for maintaining Conservative ascendancy. Their miserable wages prevented their indulging in the luxury of a newspaper of their own. Their landlord would let them subscribe at his expense for a little Conservative daily or a pious Sunday sheet. At Christmas he gave each of his tenants a calendar adorned with patriotic mottoes and stories or with Christian admonishments to humility, obedience, and contentedness. No village innkeeper dared to grant the use of his dancing-hall for any other than a Conservative meeting; otherwise the neighboring landlord, who was also the local magistrate, could make it exceedingly disagreeable for him. On Election Day laborers were marshaled in a column during the noon interval and marched off to the polls, with the bailiff in front and the forester behind. At the door of the polling-place the bailiff gave each laborer a Conservative ballot, which the landlord immediately collected from him in his capacity as judge of elections.

The machine worked perfectly. The only discordant notes in this political harmony came from the few villages where peasant freeholders lived. At such places a few ballots would be cast for Independent or Clerical candidates. Our Junker circle was for this reason particularly hostile to the peasants, though later the Landlords' Union managed very skillfully to bring most of them under its control. But when I was a young man the peasants in my neighborhood were looked upon as uncertain and unreliable fellows. A few of them were even presumptuous enough to refuse to lease hunting-rights over their land to the *gnädigen Herrn*

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because that gentleman's game had damaged their crops.

We had in our vicinity only one solitary really modern man among the Junkers. He was a certain Graf Pourtales, who was managing as trustee an estate at Glumbowitz. He had the crazy idea that the English system of government was a good one because it encouraged able men to go to Parliament. For this heresy he was roundly abused as a 'Liberal.' For the same reason, however, the freeholding peasants elected him to the Kreistag; and he took his seat in that body right among them.

This was going beyond all bounds. Such an offense was unforgivable. So Pourtales was ostracized by all his social equals. None of them would have anything to do with either him or his family. In fact, he was so utterly banned and isolated that he finally went off to America and stayed there ten years, until the grass could grow over the grave of his crime.

## MAGNIFICENCE

BY GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL (Æ)

*[Voices of the Stones]*

Cloistered amid these austere rocks,
A brooding seer, I watched an hour,
Close to the earth, lost to all else,
The marvel of a tiny flower.

To build its palace walls of jade
What myriads toiled in dark and cold:
And what gay traders from the sun
Brought down its sapphire and its gold!

Oh, palace of the universe!
Oh, changing halls of day and night!
Does the high Builder dream in thee
With more of wonder and delight?

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# ON THE WAY TO KARAKORAM. II[1]

## MOUNTAINEERING IN REMOTEST KASHMIR

BY PHILIP C. VISSER

In the bungalow halfway between the two passes we received a visit from the son of the Mir of Himsa, in whose territories the district we were to explore lies. I had met this rather wild-looking but courteous young man at Srinagar. He was traveling with his father's vizier or prime minister, and his present call was for a special object. The vizier indicated in pantomime a dreadful toothache — and pointed to his master, who assumed a most doleful expression. It was a desperate crisis. I tried to look as knowing as I could, but all I could actually do for the poor fellow was to mix up a little peppermint oil and water. The royal heir bathed his tooth in this for some time, made me a deep obeisance, and departed. I hoped I might never see my patient again, for I suspected that my reputation for omniscience had suffered a serious blow.

Next day the weather was fine and we set forth promptly for Bursil Chauki. During the last four hours, however, we had a very heavy road with deep snow, which lay more than nine feet high around the bungalow itself, so that we could not see the windows. The whole world was white as far as the eye could reach. When we arrived a few neighboring peaks were still silhouetted against a blue sky, but most of them were already wrapped in ominous dull-gray clouds. Ten minutes later, while I was still standing on the veranda surveying the snowy panorama, a few heavy flakes began to fall and soon the drifts were growing deeper, inch by inch.

Toward night a little troop of men emerged out of the storm, who, to our great astonishment, proved to be the Teshildar and four companions. The former had been detained by an injured foot, but had insisted on following us and giving us such assistance as was in his power. A little later another party likewise emerged from the snow — the son of the prince and the vizier. But there were no doleful faces this time; instead, radiant smiles and shining eyes. They made several deep obeisances, folding their hands in the most respectful manner, until I ventured to ask: 'How's the toothache?'

'Gone, Sahib. It was a miracle, and the pain has not come back.'

I immediately recovered my self-confidence. They stayed for a long time that evening, mostly pointing to the sky and looking sad. I saw that they had some request to make. Finally it came out.

'Sahib, could we have a little of that wonderful medicine?'

I hope that truth-lovers will forgive me, and I beg forgiveness of all disciples of Æsculapius, but after a moment's weighty thought I answered: 'I'll give you a little bottle. Guard it carefully.

[1] From *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Nationalist-Liberal daily), *July* 1, 12



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The recipe was given me by a very learned man. It is compounded of priceless herbs that grow only in Holland.'

The son of the Mir was filled with deep gratitude and promised me a most cordial reception in his land.

That was on May 4. It is now the sixth of May and it has not stopped snowing since, either by day or by night. But the storm is breaking. A few rays of sunlight gild the distant snow-fields. Little patches of blue sky are visible here and there. We hope to be able to leave to-night and to cross the pass, where we shall meet glorious spring again on the farther side.

One comic episode enlivened our hardships at Bursil Chauki. A little procession of four men appeared from the valley below bringing a live sheep, two chickens, a basket of flowers, and a wolf's skin. The deputation stood wet and shivering, as it presented this odd collection of gifts from the district chief. The bleating sheep was intended for the kitchen, but 'Peter,' as he was immediately christened, was so emaciated and so amazingly confiding that we decided to give him a short lease of life. That was easier said than done, for we had no food for the poor beast. He wanted grass and rejected all our substitutes until the cook tempted him with a pancake, which he ate greedily. Thereupon a touching friendship sprang up between Peter and the cook, and it looks as if we had merely enlisted one more member for our expedition.

On the morning of the sixth, when the storm seemed about over, the Baron and the guides made a short excursion ahead to break a path and see what the prospects were. A postman had passed a little earlier and our coolies, who were impatient to get into warmer country again, imagined that we could make it. But our reconnoitrers met the postman coming back. He had had to give up in the middle of the pass and had left his letter bag hanging on a tree until he could pick it up later.

Khan Sahib proved to be the philosopher of the party. During all our delays and hardships he kept his poise and good humor. 'Sahib,' he would say, 'this trip is like a piece of sugar cane: when you first begin to chew it, it is hard and bitter, but the nearer you get to the root the sweeter and softer it is.' We had been chewing on our sugar cane, and hoped now to reach the sweet part at last.

I have often seen glorious moonlight nights in high altitudes and have thought to myself, 'Certainly I never have witnessed anything like this before.' But that moonlight night on the Himalaya pass was a night of magic. It is possible to have an Alpine glow with moonlight. Who would imagine it? And yet we saw a pale pink flush tinge the white peaks. The pinnacles and ridges stood out with almost unnatural distinctness against the brilliant, light-suffused sky.

Our long procession set forth across this fairy landscape about 8 P.M. We followed four hours later, accompanied for a short distance by our excellent friend the district chief. By this time the mellow rosy light had vanished and everything was clear and silvery with black, sharply outlined shadows. Not a breath of wind stirred. No murmur of rippling water or other sound of nature broke the perfect stillness. All that we heard was the rhythmic crunching of our feet in the frosty snow. Hours passed. The moon sank behind a mountain. It grew colder and darker. About 4 A.M. we could make out the vague outlines of the hut on the summit of the pass. Travelers spend the night there in the

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summer. Now it was half-buried in snow, deserted and lonely. Here we ate a hasty breakfast, standing up, and drank hot tea from our thermos flasks. By this time all the light had vanished from the sky. Gauzy mist concealed the stars and a dreary cold wind began to howl. It was the darkest hour before the dawn; for a few minutes later a pale silvery shimmer was visible on the eastern horizon. It increased so gradually, however, that we were scarcely conscious of the sunrise.

We hurried as rapidly as possible down the steep, snowy declivities of the narrow gorge, which was bounded on both sides by precipitous walls. The Baron and I put on our skis and whizzed across white snow-fields that spread in gentle undulations ahead of us. It was perfect going. Our skis parted the light surface-snow as a ship parts the waves. I have seldom enjoyed skiing so much — and rarely has that pleasure been so abruptly ended. Just when I was least expecting it, we passed from a field of light, dusty snow to a broad stretch of glary crust. I began to skid sideways, and slipped over a steep bank. For half an instant I saw a tangle of flying skis followed by constellations of stars. Picking myself up, I waited, with a badly lacerated face, for the pedestrians to overtake me. We pushed on, for the sun was already up and signs of avalanches were visible on every side.

We did not overtake our caravan until just before we reached the bungalow at Chilliam. Not a man of the ninety was missing; not a single parcel of our luggage was lost during that seventeen-mile march through deep snow across the Himalaya range at a height of nearly thirteen thousand feet. While we were still a considerable distance from the bungalow we saw a group of officials on the farther side of a mountain stream. They were proceeding, in their long white mantles, to a bridge, where they evidently planned to meet us. This bridge lay some distance to one side of our route and we could see that our coolies were taking a short cut through the stream, which they crossed by jumping from stone to stone. We decided to follow their example. The officials were evidently somewhat nonplussed by this.

I tried to indicate by signs that they were to wait on the other side, but in vain. They came down the bank and began to greet us with profound salaams, standing on the stepping-stones halfway across the river. When we came up to them it was evident that their principal respects were intended for Mem Sahib, whose journey on foot across the snow-covered Himalayas was a matter of wonder. The district chief wished to help her, but that was not so simple. He did not hesitate, however, but jumped into the river, whose rushing waters reached above his knees. The other local dignitaries, not to be outdone by their chief, also sprang into the water, while our Swiss guide Franz, who was watching the scene from a high point of shore, roared with unbecoming laughter. Thus the wading dignitaries escorted my wife to the farther bank. I had great difficulty to keep my own face straight. Just imagine the burgomaster, the town council, the chief of police, and the other local notables wading through that stream! It certainly was a unique honor that they showed us.

We discovered that the English political commissar at Gilgit, the chief road-engineer, and the Vizier of Astor, in whose district we now were, had sent representatives to welcome and assist us. These had come a long distance. We were quite overwhelmed by so much attention. Since they were all on horseback with their respective

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servants, we set forth next day with a really imposing escort. The courtesy of the chief highway-engineer was exhibited in a most practical manner. All next day we found parties of laborers at work clearing the highway, which had been nearly blocked at many places by avalanches, landslides, and boulders. This road has been built principally by the English, and they may well be proud of it. Although it winds through jungle-choked canyons and wild torrent-torn gullies, and zigzags up and down innumerable steep precipices, it is practically nowhere less than six feet wide. Daring suspension bridges have been swung across dizzy canyons. At regular day's marches of ten or fifteen miles the Kashmir Government has built comfortable bungalows, generally placed at points of scenic interest, under the rare clumps of trees. It is surprising to find such a road in a land that strangers seldom visit and that leads into country from which foreigners are practically excluded. But this route between Srinagar and Gilgit serves primarily military purposes. Here are the farthest outposts of Great Britain's far-flung skirmish-line north of her Indian possessions. The bungalows are almost exclusively used by English officials and army officers, who hunt here during their furloughs.

Our experience convinced us that this will never be a popular resort for tourists. These sparsely populated and sterile mountains provide no food, and so provisioning is a very difficult problem. Our obligation to the British Indian and the Kashmir Governments was therefore the greater; for they had supplies, carriers, and ponies waiting for us all along the route. At Astor, the principal town of the district, all of the dignitaries, including the Rajah, came to meet us. The entire garrison, consisting of a noncommissioned officer and one private, whose usual duties are to guard the Government Building, turned out and escorted us. In the afternoon a polo match was played in our honor; for every village here that can muster eight men and eight ponies has its polo grounds. Polo originated in Central Asia — people say in Hunra, whither our expedition is headed. At Astor we were also greeted by practically the whole population, including the town orchestra, consisting of three drums and a kind of oboe, which treated us to a wailing native dirge. This music alone reminded us that we were beyond what people call the boundaries of civilization, for most of the native officials spoke English. A large rug had been spread in the shadow of the trees and armchairs placed upon it. During the rest periods in the polo game, tea and cakes were served and native dances were given.

Our reception at Bunji, a little paradise embowered in hundreds and hundreds of mulberry trees, was equally cordial. The officers played a polo match, and when we left the following morning the garrison was drawn up to bid us farewell and the commandant was on hand to wish us a happy journey. Evidently we had reached the sweet end of the sugar cane.

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# THE LONELIEST ISLAND[1]

BY WALTER EIDLITZ

More than a hundred kilometres east of the rich semitropical islands of the Dodecanese group lie the desolate cliffs of the little island of Castelrosso. In the Middle Ages these crags belonged to the Knights of St. John; then they were Turkish for four centuries; and in the last twelve years they have alternated between Turkish and Greek ownership, and were for a few scant weeks a kind of independent State, then French, and finally, since 1921, under the Treaty of Sèvres, Italian. Among the Italian officers and officials the island is by no means popular and it is regarded as an 'undesirable' post. There is no regular communication with the outside world. Sometimes one can take a sailboat from Rhodes which, with a favorable wind, will make the journey in two days and two nights, but which is just as likely to take two weeks. Now and then, sometimes as often as once a month, the little gunboat that took me over makes the trip.

For us it was a ten-hour voyage, through a fearful sirocco that tossed the little angular craft here and there as if it had been an empty sardine tin. Now, for the first time during a month's voyage, I learned what seasickness is like. Every instant the waves came crashing down over the bridge, on which my wife and I sat, soaking us completely through and through — in spite of which we could not summon energy enough to leave. The glorious snow-covered mountains on the coast of Asia Minor went swaying by, rising and sinking rhythmically behind the towering waves, without our heeding them. All the sailors except those who were busy at the wheel or the machinery lay about apathetically. One fine young fellow asked me querulously: 'What are you going to Castelrosso for? No movies, no bar, no girls, no trees, only stone. *Isola brutta.*'

Toward sunset the captain indicated a distant cliff as our goal. It looked exactly like all the other breaks in the crashing surges past which we had already sailed. Overhanging walls of naked, gleaming-red stone went stormily down to the water. I could not imagine that any creature except the vultures and hawks who crossed each other's courses in the air could live there. The ship went sailing by for a long time, as if seeking something in the cliff wall. Suddenly to the north there opened a little canal like a fiord, which led into an almost wholly enclosed harbor like the inside of a crater. We looked on in astonishment as we saw rows of bright-colored houses rising from the sea, pressed together like a crystal cluster. There was something demoniac, powerful, uncanny, about them, standing there in the middle of the waves, with the red cliffs towering darkly behind them. The beautifully carved stone quay that edged the shore hung with its carved stones like a balcony over the water. Against the hewn stone we could hear the water striking and working. In company with the Governor of the island, the Marquis di Bisogna, we crossed the quay in the darkness. He wanted to

[1] From the *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Liberal daily), *July 7*



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show us his island, since we were to leave with the boat at six o'clock next morning. The Marquis cast the light of his electric pocket lamp down tiny alleys, along a still and silent square, until it fell upon a young girl who was passing. I was amazed at her strange gold clothing. Everything seemed to give an invitation: 'Stay here. Learn to love this city and these men.' I heard our footsteps ringing out as if on marble. The little circular beam of the lamp fell on the pavement. I saw that carved stones with intricate Byzantine flourishes were set in the rough plaster, some of them bearing the symbolic fish-sign of early Christendom. Like a jagged black slate, the cliffs rose close beside.

Early in the morning I went hurrying out of doors to see something more of the island. Ancient steps hewn out of stone led us to the heights. Up above there stretched away a lofty plateau swept by the wind and reft by wild chasms. I spent a long time wandering back and forth. There was nothing to see but gigantic stone chasms, black, gray, and red, with asphodel growing in the crannies, whose blossoms had covered the island like a white silver foam only a month before and now were fading. Here and there was a pasture with a little black cow, an ancient olive tree, a lonely cloister. Off to the north, beyond a narrow stretch of sea, lies Asia ,stretching infinitely away, and the range of the Anti-Taurus with their snow-fields hung with clouds. The continent reaches its many-fingered peninsulas, like convulsive, clawing hands, into the sea. They seem to be clutching for the innumerable craggy islands and reefs which have been split off and are strewn about the sea. The sea itself is of an incredible deep blue such as I have seen nowhere else in the Mediterranean. To the south there are no more islands and no more land until we come to Africa, and the horizon is an unbroken circle. Each time I tremble as the level, tossing expanse before me begins slowly to sink. I have the same feeling that must have swept over an ancient Greek who believed himself near the edge of the earth — an earth that was a clifflike shelf surrounded on every hand by the unending *Okeanos*, the fearful world-sea.

I climbed down the arch-shelf of the cliff nearer to the abyss. With every step the picture altered. The color of the sea changed, growing darker until it was almost black-blue, and at last I bent dizzily above the deep. The craggy walls below me were a shrill red among the breakers. The sun seemed to go down.

My path led back through wastes of stone and flowers. I had not realized that in less than an hour I could travel across the whole island. Already the pathway was disappearing suddenly. Under me lay the city, its red roofs cramped in a little gleaming crescent between the harbor and the cliffs. Slowly I climbed down the reddish steps, which, according to tradition, a blind priest built.

The tumult of the streets came dully up to me. Life was stirring — song and confusion. It was already late. Down below in the harbor the gunboat had already been prepared for departure a long time and was waiting only for me. Three times her siren sounded angrily. My companion hurried in order that we might reach the ship in time. I was carried out of myself, delighted, overjoyed, because I had at length made up my mind not to leave but to stay on the island. A couple of men gathered around me to warn me that there was no inn and no hotel, that the Greek citizens had nothing but goat fat to cook with, that there was no telling when another ship would come to take

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us off. I laughed and let them talk. The later the better. They all commiserated me as the ship weighed anchor. Only the Governor said quietly, 'You are right.'

He seemed to be delighted that we were not like the other occasional strangers who came for a few hours and then fled. He was the only one who understood us, because he loves this harsh, bare island as he loves the bitter people who dwell there. He began to tell us about the strange, completely unknown customs, festivals, and songs among the people of Castelrosso.

There is a passionate exaggeration about everything on the island. The azure grotto, an immense watery palace under the cliffs, is an uncanny blue, bigger and more beautiful than the famous grotto of Capri. The red earth is luxuriantly fruitful in those few places where there is an ancient Cyclopean wall to hold it together. With tropic vigor the fantastic leaves of the cactus, fleshy and thorny, arch over the walls, as big as a small dish. The stepping-stones in the steep and narrow city streets are half a metre high, for during rainstorms the water rushes down them into the sea like a mountain torrent. In summer time, glowing under the sun, the dry beds of boulders look like sections from Dante's Hell.

As if in reaction against the hardness and the harshness of their cliffs, the people have a great liking for show and merrymaking. Festivals go on for a month at a time with an heroic illumination and rejoicings like the feasts in the Odyssey. Whether the people of Castelrosso mourn or rejoice, their joy and their sorrow exceed all proportions; and in every festival the sea has its part.

On the night after Good Friday, at a certain place in the harbor, thousands of lambs are ceremonially slain, so that the sea runs red. At Epiphany, when the great storms threaten, there is a feast designed to make wind and ocean favorable. All the people of the island go in an elaborate procession from the church to the beach with a silver crucifix carried before them. When they reach the shore the foremost of the seven priests casts the cross into the sea, while a swarm of youngsters slip in after the sinking Christ and a struggle under water begins, until the victor emerges triumphantly, bearing salvation to the land. He receives a great reward from the community. There is another festival when, in commemoration of an old tradition, the whole masculine population, wearing their best clothes, rush solemnly and ceremonially into the sea on every part of the beach. One sees them leaping in groups into the water, first little boys, then the bigger boys, then grown-up men. The present Burgomaster, who is a man of progressive ideas, once wished to neglect the usual custom, which he thought comported ill with his dignity. He had an earnest interview with the Governor, who himself told me how all the men together, as if it were revolution, surrounded the Government building with threatening shouts: 'The Burgomaster! We want our Burgomaster!' until that dignitary, for good or ill, sprang into the sea, frock coat and all, to quiet them.



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# MARCEL PROUST[1]

BY RENÉ GILLOUIN

FEW literary careers have been more singular than Marcel Proust's. After a beginning that was extremely brilliant and full of promise, at the age of twenty-five, with *Les Plaisirs et les jours*, there followed, until he was past forty, an obscurity that was almost complete. Even among the few who knew his work, who followed his articles in the *Figaro*, and who appreciated his translations of Ruskin, there was a misunderstanding of the quality of his mind and the nature of his talent that was worse than silence. Proust passed for a man of fashion, a boulevardier, an *attardé*, an amateur, and a reactionary. In 1913, when *Swann's Way* (*Du Côté de chez Swann*) appeared, a chosen few whose number was extremely restricted had a feeling that something extraordinary and new was rising above the horizon of French letters, but the critics as a whole either reserved their verdicts or were silent; and the cultivated public showed nothing but distrust, irony, or indifference pure and simple. *Within a Budding Grove* (*À l'Ombre des jeunes filles en fleurs*), which was published in 1919, had an initial reception scarcely more favorable, and the award of the Prix Goncourt to this work stirred up an almost unanimous outburst of anger, sarcasm, and pleasantry in the press. The silence had been broken, however, and thereafter Proust possessed, if not glory, at least a noisy notoriety made up in diverse proportions of the stupidity and the humor of the Philistines, the devotion of the snobs, the exaggerated enthusiasm of fashionable coteries and literary cliques. The two volumes of *The Guermantes Way* (*Le Côté de Guermantes*), and the three volumes of *Sodome et Gomorrhe* which appeared one after another in 1920, 1921, and 1922, created an immense sensation; but the mere subject of this last work, the free hand with which certain characters were painted, the keys to the identity of the leading personages which were surreptitiously circulated, roused new misunderstanding and gave Proust's genius a scandalous complexion. Nevertheless in France, and perhaps even more abroad, the number of that contemporary posterity — to quote the famous phrase — who gave Proust his true rank among our psychologists and moralists of the first stature grew rapidly.

In proportion as renown had been slow to come its development was startling. Proust died on November 18, 1922, and one might almost say that the gulf created by his disappearance makes it possible to measure the place that he occupied, not merely in French literature, but in literature as a whole. Expressions of sadness and regret, as well as testimonials of admiration, came from every part of the civilized world. Since then this movement has not fallen off — has, on the contrary, grown steadily. Not articles, but whole books, have appeared on Proust, his life, and his work. Several months ago the Duchess of Clermont-Tonnerre devoted a volume, wittily

[1] From *La Semaine Littéraire* (Geneva Liberal weekly), *August* 8



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written and full of interesting documents, to the friendship of Proust and Robert de Montesquiou, who, as everyone knows, was at least in part the prototype of M. de Charlus. Recently M. Leon-Pierre Quint has given us a remarkable psychological and critical biography of Proust — remarkable for the vigor and finesse of its intelligence and the scope and liberality of its judgment. Three more volumes by MM. Henri Massis, Georges Gabory, and Ernst-Robert Curtius are announced for early publication. Finally, M. François Fosca is preparing an index to the characters of Proust modeled on the index to the characters of Balzac.

Since Maurice Barrès I do not believe that any author has stirred so intense an interest or that anyone's writing has called forth so much critical literature. Let us hasten to add that no man's writing could contain more to justify all this than the richness and the originality of Marcel Proust, whether in the domain of psychology or — an opinion startling enough when first propounded, but which becomes more so on thorough examination — in the domain of morality.

The originality of a psychological writer may be due to his method of analysis or to his matter. It may be displayed either in the invention of new processes or the application of old processes to new material. Proust has been profoundly original in the two realms of form and matter. It has often been said — we have said it always — that into the methods of psychological writing Proust brought a revolution analogous to that which followed the introduction of the microscope in natural science. Proust himself was not enamored of this comparison, and even ventured with some vivacity the retort that he was not using the microscope but the telescope. But what is a telescope, after all, if it is not a microscope applied to the infinitely great, just as one may say that the microscope is the telescope of the infinitely little?

The truth is that Proust received from Heaven the marvelous gift, and no doubt — in the degree to which he possessed it — the unique gift, of varying the distance between himself and the object of his study to suit his purpose; so that he could at will descend to the still unexplored detail of a psychological element clearly perceived by consciousness, or discover at the limit of the unconscious, beyond the range of the normal glance, things nebulously known or scarcely suspected; could analyze these, take inventory of their riches, bring them to life and display the secret motives of puzzles or contradictions hitherto unexplained. Hence the fact that his analyses have cast so wholly novel a light on several emotions on which, nevertheless, the psychologists have exercised their sagacity for centuries, — desire, love, jealousy, vanity, ambition, falsehood, æsthetic pleasure, and many others, — while at the same time he poured a flood of light into those obscure regions whence emerge the innumerable islands of our conscious life, their summits far apart, their bases closely united, between which too often, yielding to our desire for immediate comprehensibility, we establish artificial surface linkings, whereas their real connection lies deeper.

But Proust was not content to apply the incomparable keenness of his inner vision to subjects that are in some wise traditional, dealing with such psychological states as we have just suggested, or such social environments as the fashionable world or the home. He undertook to add to the domain of great literature a province which was almost wholly new, that of emotional

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inversions, although he was perfectly conscious of the daring of his design and the risks that he would run because of it; and he carried out his task with a tranquil courage that found its source in absolute respect for truth. . . .

If in nothing else save by his scrupulous respect for the object and his fervent devotion to truth, Proust deserves the title of moralist; but he deserves it, too, in another sense which is more immediate, since by his general attitude toward the psychological datum he links himself with the great tradition of Christian pessimism, although transferring it at the same time to a purely scientific plane. Since the development of subjectivity in art and intuitivism in philosophy it has been admitted, by a kind of tacit convention, as self-evident that our sentiments are created to inform us exactly of that which is passing within us, and that our consciousness, properly interrogated, is a loyal and faithful witness. It is not without interest to note in passing that this prejudice — for it is a prejudice — is due directly to man's spirit of confidence in himself and to that psychological and moral optimism which Rousseau introduced into the modern world. Our classic writers, quite the reverse, being deeply imbued with the Christian conception of original sin and the fundamental corruption of human nature, were more inclined to distrust man's spirit of confidence in himself, and the principal effort of their clairvoyant severity was devoted to discovering the chimeras of the spirit, the falsehoods of the imagination, the illusions of the heart. It is to be observed, however, that if French romanticism found need to abandon its sound and vigorous realism, German romanticism, on the other hand, was taking up again in metaphysics the ideas of Schopenhauer and his doctrine of universal illusion, and, in biology, Nietzsche and his theory of the vital lie — all this while they were waiting for Freud to make his well-known application of his own interpretation of the neuroses and to represent the psychological life as a sort of perpetual carnival in which all our sentiments, covered by a mask, are intent only to deceive us as to their real identity.

It is probably through the medium of the Freuds, the Nietzsches, the Schopenhauers, that Proust united himself once more with the classic tradition, in the same way, for example, that our modern historians, through German criticism as a link, have taken up the work of their Benedictine predecessors; but Proust brought air and lightness into what he borrowed, purifying the exaggeration and the dullness of the systematizing spirit. Confronted with the testimony as to the Self that our consciousness brings us, Proust's attitude is wholly one of reserve and of suspended judgment. He does not systematically withdraw, but he does not regard the data consciousness presents as anything more than an inventory. Whenever it is possible, he prefers to judge a feeling by its effects rather than by its immediate perception.

If we had undertaken to write a complete study on Marcel Proust we should have had to note, not merely the positive side of what he brings to us, but also his negations and his limits. We should have emphasized the fact that his vision of the world — where the will to power plays almost no rôle, and where work appears only as a humiliating and ridiculous necessity — is partial in both senses. We should show how insufficient is a philosophy of desire whose last word is illusion and which suggests no other nourishment than æsthetic pleasure

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for the aspirations of the heart. We should show how, by developing certain hints drawn from that admirable bit on the death of Bergotte, by touching the inexplicable enigma that goodness, tenderness, and the generous sentiments present in the world where we are called to live, it might have been possible for Proust, in our opinion, to complete his philosophy and finish it by carrying it on to the spiritual plane. All that we have tried to do here, however, is to add a wreath to the others that are heaped upon a work so rich, so new, and so beautiful that it might suffice for the glory of many men; and we shall be satisfied if we have been able to suggest to some of Marcel Proust's readers new reasons for loving and admiring him.

# BIRD MIGRATION[1]

BY C. J. PATTEN

DURING the spring and autumn migratory movements I have, for many years, resided at light-stations off the Irish coast, my visits on each occasion lasting several weeks on end. These excellent ornithological observatories are situated along and in many cases intersect the main fly-lines of hosts of traveling birds. In certain meteorological conditions the voyagers, decoyed by the brilliancy of the luminous beams of the lantern, are held up, thereby forming vast assemblages; while on the other hand, in clear weather the rhythm and regularity of the diurnal movements can be observed with great advantage — in short, a unique opportunity is afforded one of obtaining first-hand information at light-stations on many aspects regarding the laws and principles of bird-migration.

At the outset, a word in passing in regard to the historical side will indicate and emphasize to what an extent our knowledge has advanced on the subject. Observations on the seasonal movements of birds have been recorded by naturalists and sung by the poets of old, centuries before the Christian era, and yet until comparatively recently migration was but dimly conceived, and only by a small minority of observers. For many years past the generality of ornithologists refused to credit birds with that remarkable flight-factor that we now know most species possess. Hence there arose primitively strange views regarding the seasonal disappearances and reappearances of birds. Belief in hibernation was popular and widespread. Birds betook themselves into nooks and crannies for their long winter sleep. Curiously enough, swallows, and other particularly swift and powerful birds on the wing, were prominent among the numbers. Stranger still was the idea that birds submerged themselves and sank to the bottom of pools, where, becoming caked into lumps of mud, they remained torpid during the cold weather. Another weird idea was that they were transmuted into species known to remain in our lands throughout the year. Myths are extremely

[1] From *Discovery* (London scientific monthly), *June*

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tenacious, and only as far back as a hundred and fifty years ago the myth of hibernation was more prevalent than the truth of migration. To-day we view the question in a very different light; we have indeed reversed our opinion, and while the notion of hibernation is not quite extinct, it is certainly obsolete to a marked degree. To-day, without fear of contradiction, we can state that migration is the *rule* among our British birds, only a small minority remaining stationary.

What paths of research have we pursued to reward us with this important discovery? Firstly, a more exact study of the anatomical and physiological features of so highly specialized a creature as the bird reveals, among other things, that the muscular mechanism of the wings is so wonderfully developed among many carinate forms that astonishing endurance in flight is quite possible. Velocity in flight, which is no doubt very remarkable in some birds, and which no doubt is a great asset, is nevertheless a feature of less importance. Endurance permits of long, steady pilgrimages being accomplished even among our frail and fairy forms.

We have proved by careful dissection and by deductive observation on the living bird that the eye is the mainstay of its brain, the sheet-anchor of its life. There is reason to believe that this keen, highly perceptive, discriminating organ can minutely analyze the topography of the migration-routes, carrying away mental pictures in the higher visual centres of the brain that are accurately and tenaciously memorized. Anatomical and physiological research, more particularly of the respiratory apparatus, tells us further that birds fully appreciate variations in the weight and temperature of the atmosphere: these highly sensitive feathered barometers ascend to higher altitudes, or skim over the earth's surface, in order to avoid adverse currents, and they easily seek out and become cognizant of advantageous air-currents lying in their migration-routes, such for instance as trade-winds that blow in a constant direction. It has been suggested that there are definite highways in the air along which migrants are accustomed to travel. Personally I have repeatedly observed that the seaboard is largely followed by the vanguard of voyagers, these hugging the coasts, piloting the laggards and overland travelers. The latter are kept in touch by the loud far-sounding call-notes of the leaders. Here again we learn by means of our anatomical studies what an adjunct is the highly developed vocal apparatus to the migrating bird.

It is only of late years that the marvels of flight in birds have been fully appreciated; the study has become very popular *pari passu* with the development of aeronautics. Birds often sail, glide, or plane, to conserve their energies on the wing. Their utmost velocity is not expended during their entire migratory movements; extra speed is reserved in case of contingency. Nowadays, those of us who have located ourselves at favorable observatories, notably at light-stations, and have sedulously attended to the subject, have no doubts whatsoever regarding the ability of birds of many forms to undertake long journeys. Viewing the matter popularly and in a light-hearted frame of mind, one would think that our feathered friends would be unenterprising not to avail themselves of their unsurpassed powers of locomotion for seeing the world!

But scientifically we must interpret the great principles of bird-migration otherwise. There is reason to believe that birds, as they arose from their reptilianlike ancestry, were for the

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most part limited in their wing-power. Indeed, it is surmised that the ostrich and other flightless forms are survivors of the ancestral avian types. Birds were therefore not in the first place endowed with powerful flight to enable them to trip hither and thither for mere amusement or change of scene! Migration is far from being the enviable gift of Nature oft sung by the poets; it is fraught with grave dangers, betimes the scene of tragedy with a heavy casualty-list. Migration, like every other great biological activity, is the product of evolution.

In creatures such as birds, so brimming over with life and emotion, in whose bodies the fire of life glows so brightly that constant stoking of fuel behooves them to make an incessant search for food, and, as a consequence, endows them with prodigiously large appetites, we can readily see how very keen the struggle for existence must be. As birds continued to multiply and to spread themselves over the face of the globe, one can understand how the search for food would have become a serious problem. In our latitudes purely insectivorous birds, if they remained with us all the year round, would become starved-out in the winter. Land-birds of the high northern latitudes would in winter have to retreat before the widespreading mantles of snow; moreover, they would experience great loss of daylight — two factors rendering the search for food well-nigh impossible.

Few of our familiar birds, in secreting their nests in the spring and early summer, when food may be plentiful close by, would find in such areas an adequate supply of food all the year round. Conversely, if they selected as breeding-grounds areas where food was plentiful at all times of the year it would be more than likely that these same areas might prove highly detrimental to the preservation of the species. To put it shortly, birds of many kinds would be forced to move to and fro between their breeding- and feeding-grounds. When these movements became rhythmic and hereditary they would typify migration.

In the dim-past ages it is likely that many migrations were for the most part local in character, similar to what we find in the case of some of our curlews and golden plovers, which move up from their feeding-grounds on the mud-flats in winter to their breeding-grounds on the moors in summer.

Geological and climatic changes, extending over a vastly lengthened period of time, might ultimately cause divergence of the two areas — breeding and feeding — to such an extent that an original incipient movement might be evolved into a migration covering hundreds of miles. We are now in a position to formulate and say that the initiative factors subserving bird-migration are feeding and breeding. We next ask, What are the immediate stimuli which cause birds to migrate? In other words, What pulls the trigger? Do migratory birds always wait until the supply of food at their breeding-haunts has become exhausted? Conversely, do they return to their breeding-grounds with marked regularity and punctuality? In answer to the first question it is observable in many cases that birds leave their breeding-areas directly the young can look after themselves — indeed, in exceptional cases, when the young are at too tender an age to cater for themselves; in either case when food is still abundant. So ingrained and active has the migratory impulse become in the parent birds that, directly the breeding-duties are completed, they are anxious to be off, leaving their broods to seek out what food may be obtainable in the district of their nativity. The return journey

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to the breeding-grounds is effected punctually and with feverish haste. Food is abundant as a rule at the point of embarkation, but often scant when the traveler first reaches the projected destination. The strong incentive to migrate in spring is no doubt correlated with the rapid development of the reproductive organs, thereby stimulating the procreative feelings. The mental excitement to reach the scenes of accustomed courtships and wedlock must prove an overpowering stimulus to get under way. In all movements, however, when once the migration season has been properly reached, weather influences afford the immediate stimuli. A sudden fall in temperature sends hosts of migrants on their southern journey; a sharp rise in temperature drives the voyagers northward. In either phase of migration it is to be noted that calm settled weather, with high barometric pressure, and gentle gradients, greatly enhances the exodus.

In our isles the regular migrants are classified as inter-British, summer visitors, winter visitors, and birds of passage. Although the extent of the journeys undertaken, and consequently the geographical distribution, varies to a great extent in not only different classes but even in the same species, nevertheless the various phases of migration are governed by a law which formulates that all birds breeding in our hemisphere seek out the northern limits and return to winter in the southern limits of their migrations. For example, great numbers of song-thrushes, blackbirds, starlings, larks, and other familiar birds which breed in Scandinavia, move southward to the British Isles in winter, while many of those that breed in our isles spend their winter in more southern climes. It is obvious then that such species may represent both winter and summer visitors to our isles. But so variable is the geographical distribution of these birds that we find many, in each particular species, migrating only within the confines of the British Isles, while in lesser numbers they may remain stationary as residents throughout the year.

The birds of passage that rush past our isles may be compared to a long-distance nonstop express train. Their movements, however, indicate the same purpose and are subject to the same law as already indicated in the case of summer and winter visitors. Thus we find some blackbirds, thrushes, and others already mentioned, flying north to breed in Scandinavia and south to winter in Spain. Such birds have the most extensive geographical distribution of the series with which we have been dealing. It may be formulated as a fundamental principle of bird-migration that the farther a bird breeds north the farther south it winters within the limits of its geographical distribution. Some shore and sea birds migrate almost from Pole to Pole.

We have another phase of migration that may be classed as irregular, but it frequently takes place in winter. Here we find birds which, on leaving their breeding-quarters in Northern Europe, had intended to spend the winter in Central Europe, but owing to an unusually cold change of weather they were obliged to take a second journey. This route is generally directed from east to west, the destination aimed at being the southwestern seaboards of Great Britain and Ireland, where it would appear that the influence of the Gulf Stream renders the climate much milder.

Lastly may be mentioned the curious spasmodic irruptions of certain birds at regular intervals. The visitors often arrive in flocks, and their sudden

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appearances are difficult to explain. Many of us are familiar with the irregular visitations which we have received from time to time of sand grouse, waxwings, and crossbills.

Our beautiful and dainty little warblers, sweetest minstrels of the feathered world, visit and breed in our isles in summer, when various forms of gnats, flies, and other winged insects, which form their staple diet, abound. These birds leave us in the autumn to spend the winter in Afric's sunny climes, some of the frail little travelers crossing considerably beyond the equatorial line. As they, with the swallows, cuckoos, and corn-crakes, flit away in autumn, their places are taken by familiar birds such as blackbirds, thrushes, and others before mentioned. These, coming from more northern latitudes, can sustain themselves on worms, grubs, snails, wild berries, seeds, and other vegetable matter during the winter. In winter various classes of birds visit the British Isles and countries farther south whose breeding-range is restricted to areas in Northern and Arctic Europe. Fieldfares, redwings (both thrushes), bramble-finches, and snow-buntings, and a great variety of waterfowl, are included in this category of our purely winter visitors.

The journeys undertaken by some birds are really marvelous. The tiny goldcrest, — the smallest European bird, — weighing but a dram, and some other avian Lilliputians, cross the waters of the North Sea on dark November nights, while some species of sandpipers migrate from islands well within the Arctic Circle to New Zealand and Cape Horn. These wonderful aerial feats are undertaken by birds barely three months old! The Arctic tern, a common sea-swallow, flies almost from Pole to Pole twice a year.

It may be said of a truth that no country is more favorably situated than ours for witnessing the movements of migratory birds. So central in position are the British Isles that they may be compared to a great junction, where travelers meet and change their courses to reach their many and oft widespread destinations.

Birds of passage largely predominate along the British coastlands as they speed hither and thither from Arctic Europe to the Southern Hemisphere.

In conclusion I may mention how weirdly attractive and novel is the spectacle that presents itself to the student of ornithology as in his silent night-patrol he watches from the dizzy heights of the lighthouse balcony the behavior of bewildered migrants as they reel and topple under the mesmeric influence of the luminous beams. The intensity of the rays of the lantern not only effaces the plumage patterns, but birds, whether dark- or fair-plumed, appear white or red according to the color of the ray traversed, while the fluttering of wings conveys to the observer the impression that careering round the lantern are hundreds of gigantic scintillating precious gems. Standing on the balcony on a migration night, amid an assemblage of myriads of migrants, I have found my own person utilized for perching-purposes to such an extent that I veritably became decorated with birds.

I vividly call to mind a pitch-dark, calm, misty night when the rays of the lantern were unusually brilliant. On that occasion a little willow-warbler alighted on the top edge of my ear; on my right shoulder sat several swallows contentedly in line as they may be observed on telegraph wires; on my other shoulder two thrushes and a blackbird jostled each other for perching-space; a tiny goldcrest alighted on the button of my coat; finally a starling, in a paroxysm

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of fear, sought cover by scrambling up my leg and then clinging to the rim of my waistcoat pocket. On that memorable night hundreds of birds, dazzled and unable to stay their flight, dashed headlong against the lantern and were killed outright. It is cheerful, however, to remember that, though the casualties appeared heavy, they were, proportionately, but as a drop in the ocean, so prodigious were the numbers of nocturnal visitors that managed to pass the danger zone unscathed.

## THE ROCKET

BY WILFRID GIBSON

[*Observer*]

Into the night
The rocket soars:
Ah, could but I
In flashing flight
O'er the dull lamps
Of earth swing high—
One moment poise
And perish there
In the full blaze
Of kindled air:
What matter though
A charred stick fall
Into the night
That swallows all.

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# LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

### MOVE-MAKING IN INDIA

THE moving pictures have touched a common chord in all humanity. They are as popular in China and Japan as they are in the United States, as much attended in India as they are in Europe, and wherever moving pictures are shown American films hold a pre-eminence that is due rather to mechanical than artistic perfection. It is a preëminence which not all natives of the countries where American films are shown look on with entire approval. British producers struggle valiantly with a climate which, whatever its excellence, is not so easy for photographers to work by as the clear sky of Los Angeles. German and French producers do remarkable things, like the recent 'Miracle de Lourdes' in France or the great 'Siegfried' film produced last year in Germany. In Japan a Buddhist abbot, as was recently chronicled in these pages, experiments with the film as a means of missionary endeavor.

Even India is astir, and the recently incorporated Indian Players have lately completed a great film dealing with the life of Buddha. To show a film in India is one thing, and to overcome the hundred customs that interfere with its making is quite another. There are absolutely no actors with film experience for the producers to start with, and the natural rhythm of people's movements is far too swift and vivid for the film. The scores of languages present another difficulty and make the studio interpreter a dire necessity. But there are compensations. The people are natural mimics; heads, figures, and faces suited to the film are abundant; costumes are picturesque; historic relics and architectural marvels abound. Even the difficulties of cast and the problem of securing actresses can be overcome. The new Buddha film is intended to provide a cultural link between India and Asia. Its technique is better than most Indian films, which have little continuity and at their worst are mere series of disconnected pictures, and has been improved by the importation of a German director. It tells the orthodox story of Buddha's life, work, and beatitude, and may form the basis of India's own interpretation of her own culture to which the West will contribute nothing but its machines.

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### AN OLD FLAME OF RICHARD WAGNER'S

LEGAL action by the Gautier family has stopped the proposed sale of Richard Wagner's letters to Judith Gautier, daughter of Théophile Gautier, the famous French poet. The letters, however, had previously been seen by Émile Henriot of *Le Temps*, who was allowed to print several extracts from them.

They reveal a romantic episode in Wagner's life — which had a good many romantic episodes — hitherto unknown. Wagner appears to have fallen desperately in love with Mlle. Gautier shortly before the Franco-Prussian War; but war in those days was not the desperately personal matter it has since become, and the correspondence went on through the period of hostilities, lasting in all for eight or nine years. Wagner repudiates strong nationalist feeling, but is broad-minded enough to admire the ardent



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French patriotism of Mlle. Gautier, writing: 'I admire your patriotism the more because it is a virtue of which I am utterly destitute myself.' It is not believed that the prohibition of publication will be permanent.

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### CHECKING UP ON JANE AUSTEN

In a recent number of the *Cornhill Magazine* one of those earnest enthusiasts who amuse themselves by living over every moment in the lives of the characters created by a favorite author has dealt with loving minuteness with Jane Austen's novels. The author is no less a person than the English jurist, Mr. Justice McKinnon.

This sort of criticism may not amount to very much, and yet your genuine devotee experiences an enormous satisfaction from its pursuit. It is not very important to know how many times Jane Austen mentions luncheon, and yet that simple bit of dietary mathematics once learned is not likely to be soon forgotten. Perhaps then we may pause to mention the portentous fact that luncheon is mentioned only once in all the novels. It is in a way a rather remarkable fact when one pauses to consider the minuteness with which the quiet life of the early-nineteenth-century countryside is reproduced. Justice McKinnon derives considerable satisfaction from working over topography and time-tables for the various journeys about England, much as other enthusiasts have worked over the journey of the Pickwick Club. Jane Austen comes off rather better than Dickens, so far as credibility is concerned.

It is true that she makes one of her characters travel from London to Bristol in twelve hours while she lets others take two or even three days for the journey, but when, in *Pride and Prejudice*, she sets her characters traveling, the route she picks for them is perfectly possible, and, in days of stage-coach travel, highly desirable. In *Mansfield Park* the journey from Portsmouth is carefully arranged so that the young lady may arrive in Oxford almost exhausted after a long trip, but still reach Mansfield Park itself at half-past four the next day. Compared with Shakespeare and even Thackeray, then, time and space are well adjusted. There is no seacoast of Bohemia, nor is there any of that vague topography with which Thackeray indulged himself. It would be interesting to know just how Jane Austen compares in this respect with Scott who praised her and who made such parade of his exactness.

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### THOSE DEADLY SWORDS

London was greatly edified when the sword was made part of the uniform of the Royal Air Force, and British wags inquired how cold steel could possibly be wielded from an airplane. Whereupon some logical soul retorted that the sword was at least decorative, and quite as useful as the spurs with which British aviators had also been equipped.

But now a new issue has arisen in the British law courts. Military custom requires that an officer testifying as a witness shall appear in full uniform. Full uniform includes a sword. But a sword is a deadly weapon, and British law provides that no one shall bring a deadly weapon into court. It might put the judge in terror of his life and influence his decisions. Not long since, one Captain Robinson, a battalion adjutant of the East Yorkshire Territorials, appeared before the Stipendiary at Hull to prosecute defaulters. 'I am not quite sure,' said the Stipendiary, 'whether I ought to listen to you armed. Lord Esher, in the High Court, once said to a military gentleman, "What is that at your side, sir? You

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must not come here and terrorize the court."' Upon this the accommodating adjutant unhitched his deadly blade, and the teeth of the court presumably ceased to chatter.

The issue having been raised, England, which loves the ceremonial side of life, began to discuss this weighty question. An official of the Bow Street police court explained that officers of the Guards, who frequently come into that court to give testimony as to the character of their men, are allowed to wear their swords but are asked to take off their caps. Apparently the Bow Street police court is hard to terrorize.

The House of Commons, however, is a very timid body. No one but the Sergeant-at-Arms is permitted to carry a lethal weapon in that solemn place. Red stripes on the carpet covering the central aisle, across which no Member may step, keep the Government benches out of sword's reach of the Opposition — a wise precaution that deprives contemporary Britain of the edifying spectacle of Stanley Baldwin engaged in a broadsword duel with Ramsay MacDonald. Several years ago a Member of Parliament who was to deliver a speech dealing with the army tried to bring in a magazine rifle as an exhibit, but was forced to leave it outside. During the war a noncom. of the British army innocently entered the gallery with his bayonet on his belt, only to be discovered and hustled out by horrified attendants who were almost on the verge of apoplexy.

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### SCRIBBLERS' WEALTH

THAT literature is a bad and unprofitable business is the not very original conclusion of a paper on 'The Trade of Authorship' contributed to *The Author* by the English novelist W. B. Maxwell. He admits that there was never a time when a lucky writer could make more money than at present, but he very much qualifies his admission by the further statement that there never was a time when it was so hard to be lucky.

'There never was a period,' he writes, 'when the trade of authorship was so lucrative as it can be and sometimes is nowadays; but it used to be a very much safer trade, and every year its security would seem to grow less. Authors not only have to gain a reputation; they are forced continuously to fight for its maintenance. Nowadays a single very successful novel can bring its author a fortune — I mean, a fortune of respectable amount taking into consideration the changed value of money and the sharply graded subtractive force of the supertax. But with the possibility of these great and hitherto undreamed-of prizes for the lucky few there has come instability of position and precariousness of reward for the less fortunate many. Almost one might say that the old adage of "Nothing succeeds like success" should now be amended to "Nothing succeeds *but* success."

'People drop out of money-making with terrible rapidity. One year an author may, so to speak, be at the top of the tree, eating the sun-warmed fruit of the highest branches, and a year or two later he may be at its base, gnawing the bark to keep body and soul together in the hard frost of winter. In other and plainer words, he may be fully employed, well paid, well praised; and then quite unexpectedly may find that the good time is over. Although he is doing as valuable work as ever, the work is no longer valued, or the market for it has vanished. . . .

'In the book market, as I have hinted, the tendency would seem to be to cut up all the money among a comparatively few successes. I believe that the number of books that make nothing

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for anybody is enormously larger than it used to be. . . . It may be noted that although readers still pretend to have their favorite authors they are not really faithful to them, as were the readers of a bygone generation. . . .

'Of course, literature might be gaining while authors were losing; but I do not think that this is the case. All those most competent to judge say there is less than a certainty, scarcely a likelihood, that a really good piece of literary work will be at once recognized. It is indeed alleged that the chances of books by new writers were never so adverse as they are now. This brings me back to what I am always saying and often being blamed for saying — we are not yet a literary nation.'

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### THE POPE AND THE WIRELESS

An American wireless engineer named Bernays Johnson, just now in London, where he has been giving interviews to the English Catholic paper *The Universe*, has been interviewing His Holiness Pope Pius XI with a view to installing wireless electric lights in the Vatican. According to Mr. Johnson: —

The marble walls and the priceless paintings and tapestries hung about them make it very difficult to illuminate some parts of the Vatican artificially.

Electric wires cannot be fixed permanently, neither can there be the large clusters of lamps such as might be desired. Lamps lighted by wireless would overcome some of these difficulties, because the Vatican has its own central power-station.

The Pope went deeply into the possibilities of such a scheme, and instructed me to let him have, by January, a practical installation of two hundred portable lamps, which can be arranged in a number of rooms.

Mr. Johnson found His Holiness greatly interested also in the subject of broadcasting. The engineer demonstrated his own portable wireless set before the sovereign pontiff and offered to send him a similar set, but with gold fittings. The Holy Father accepted the offer, but declined the gold fittings and said he would send the set to a monastery. When Mr. Johnson tuned in his instrument, the first sounds to come through were those of a jazz-dance tune, but when he apologized, according to Mr. Johnson's account, 'the Pope put me at my ease. He enjoyed, he said, the pleasant music as much as anything else.'

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# BOOKS ABROAD

**Voices of the Stones**, by Æ. London and New York: Macmillan, 1925. $1.25.

[Robert Graves in the *Irish Statesman*]

It must always be an embarrassment to the editor of a literary journal when he publishes a novel or a book of verse and the assistant editor asks, 'Who is to review your book, sir, in our journal?' For even the discreetest praise by a colleague will provoke jealousy among subscribers ('Lord, what a clique it is!'), and to omit a review altogether looks even worse.

The editor of the *Irish Statesman* has taken an unusual course. Perhaps paying a debt to the past, to a time when, as a young poet not yet accepted by the pundits, he came in for a good deal of critical censure without chance of revenge, he has sent his new poems to me, a stranger whom recently he exasperated by an uncomplimentary notice of my verse.

Now I should have no hesitation in returning the slap if I thought as little of Æ's verse as he did of that particular piece of mine, but fortunately for all concerned I have great admiration for it. To salve my self-respect I will suggest that though expatriated permanently from Ireland since I learned to walk, with the unhappy exception of six weeks' garrison duty at Limerick with a Welsh regiment, I am still Irishman enough to get something of the depth and intensity of Æ's poetry; whereas Æ is not, and probably never will be, good enough Englishman to get at what I have recently been doing.

The first impression I get is the great healthiness of the verse as verse, the poise, balance, and strength of it: on the mere technical side, his capacity for getting the right verse-unit for the thought, for carrying the argument across the stanzas without spilling or stopping; his concealed use of alliteration, one of the most happy poetic arts; his variation of rhythm within a fixed metre without forcing or virtuosity; his control of *texture*, the relations, that is, of vowels and consonants considered as mere sound, the rarest of all technical accomplishments.

The development of Æ's poetry through these many years suggests a man sensitive and visionary in temperament who has with difficulty made himself a man of affairs. There has been a great addition of strength both in the thought and technique with little loss of sensitivity, and this can only mean that he has not let his practical affairs run counter to his visions. On the other hand, there is a heavy line drawn between the practical life and the poetic life; complementary to each other, they must not trespass. Æ's poetic method is sternly idealistic; it allows nothing to the errors, weaknesses, and stupidities with which practical life is strewn. The eagle of poetry must always fly high, he must never descend to hawk for flies or let his tail-feathers trail in the dirt.

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

If a poet lives in this degenerate and ugly age, when the old gods are dead, or 'have taken alien shapes upon them,' when all things

Since Eden, bird and beast and fin, have strayed

from their pristine beauty, which is found preserved only in stocks and stones, what is he to do? Is he to sell his lyre and his soul, and go out into the world which he hates, or is he rather to haunt out-of-the-way places where faint scents of Eden still hang in the air, and retire as much as he can into the fantastic world of his imagination, which is valuable just because it is so different from everything outside? Irish poets in particular are given to this solution of the difficulty. Æ, however, differs from many others in that he is completely happy with the solution he has adopted. He feels that a world in which the only beautiful things are stories and dreams is, after all, but a poor creation, and — in his later even more than in his earlier poems — he is haunted by a sense of helpless bewilderment: —

> My wisdom crumbles,
> I am as a lone child.
> Oh, had I the heart now,
> My weeping were wild.
>
> My palace dwindles
> Thin into air:
> The Ancient Darkness
> Is everywhere.
>
> But the heart is gone
> That could understand,
> And the child is dead
> That had taken its hand.

It is when he is expressing such feelings as these that Æ is at his best. In his other mood, when he has shut himself up in his daydreams, he writes delicate, well-worded poems, but they are too unsubstantial to be satisfying. The symbolism is clear, but the imagery is sometimes dis-



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jointed and confused. He lacks, moreover, the vigor and conviction of the best mystical poets. His poetry would have been greater had he been either less or more of a mystic, instead of living between two spheres, and making his songs 'half from the hidden world and half from this.' And is this world so hopelessly ugly? Some younger poets would perhaps disagree with Æ on this point; but, even if they consider him old-fashioned in that respect, they have still to learn from him that symbolism in poetry is not inevitably obscure.

**Erinnerungen eines Junkers**, by Hellmut von Gerlach. Berlin: Die Welt am Montag Verlag, 1925. 2 marks.

[*Neues Wiener Tagblatt*]

A SLENDER little book by a distinguished German student of politics lies before us. In a tone of gentle banter the author causes personalities of every party and every tendency, ranging all the way from William II to Friedrich Engels and August Bebel, to pass before his reader. Gerlach, to be sure, does not wish it to be thought that he has written this little book as an apology, and yet the reader gets the impression that the author wishes friends and foes alike to know why he, a Silesian Junker from the conservative stronghold of the extremest Right, has turned toward the Left, toward democracy and toward pacifism. For Hellmut von Gerlach was a genuine Junker only by descent. His ideal, even as a boy, was his great-grandfather on his mother's side, a bourgeois landed proprietor, who by his own ability had made his way from an agricultural laborer to the rank of landowner and country doctor of the University, but who declined the patent of nobility that was offered him.

Hellmut von Gerlach spent the years of his boyhood at his father's castle, and grew up like the other boys of his rank, riding, fishing, and hunting. One of his friends maintains that his political evolution is in a large part determined by the fact that he grew up in the one part of Prussia where the earnings of the laboring class were lowest. The comfortable living of the castle, contrasted with the terrible living-conditions of the agricultural laborers and the whole social degradation of this class, which expressed itself in humility toward even the children of the nobility, roused a critical spirit in him even at the tender age of nine. He felt ashamed when, at the Christmas festivals, old men and women came to kiss his hands. Another great influence over him was a tutor, Marquis de Bernard, who had once belonged to the democratic students' association, the Burschenschaft, and had been condemned, first to death, then to imprisonment for life. But Gerlach's pious mother did not long endure the presence in the house of this atheistic revolutionist.

Gerlach has much that is interesting to tell of the first eighteen years of his life in the so-called 'Golden District of Conservatism.' He describes the right of patronage which the squirearchy had over church and school, in which, for example, the fact that a man was a good player of skat was a better recommendation for a clerical position than his professional attainments.

*

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PROUST, MARCEL. *À l'Ombre des jeunes filles en fleurs*. (Prix Goncourt, 1919.) Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française. 12 fr. 50 c.

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# MY AFRICAN NEIGHBORS

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*By* HANS COUDENHOVE

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* * *

A glance at the history of magazine publishing will show that Scribner's Magazine was a pioneer in perfecting illustrative processes, and many there were who followed our lead.

But that is neither here nor there if more rapid methods have outdone us.

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Would you have been pleased to lose those rare portraits of Robert E. Lee and his feminine correspondents, or those paintings by George Bellows in the current number?

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Or those vivid sketches by John W. Thomason Jr. in the September number?

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Or those three or four stories in each number, beautifully illustrated by the best of the modern artists?

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We are sticking to our pictures.

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From the letters we receive from readers asking the privilege of purchasing the originals of these illustrations, or writing to tell us how much they enjoyed them, we believe we are expressing the desires of our readers by so doing.

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It seems to us that anything we can do to beautify or elucidate is worth doing. We devote much attention to just this phase of magazine construction.

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Illustrations are a part of the plan to maintain and enhance the sphere of interest of Scribner's Magazine, to make each number as perfect as possible, well-rounded, attractive, alive.

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